THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1880.

THE REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D.*

THE Rev. Edward Hartley Dewart has been for many years prominently before the public, and is justly entitled, as well by his ability as by his position, to a place in these pages. Although not a native of Canada, he is a thorough Canadian by early adoption, hearty sympathy, and decided preference. For upwards of forty years he has been associated with her interests and identified with her fortunes; and for more than a quarter of a century few men have devoted themselves more actively than he to foster her rising institutions, to extend her growing influence, and to promote her lasting prosperity and success.

He was born in the County of Cavan, Ireland, in the year 1828. He is of mingled Scottish and English descent, his father's ancestors having come originally from Scotland, and his mother's from England. In 1834 he came with his parents to this country. The family settled in the County of Peterborough, Ont., where he passed his boyhood and youth. His early opportunities for obtaining an education at that time were few and unfavourable as compared with those of the present day, when first-class schools, provided with experienced and efficient teachers, may be found in all parts of the Province. This deprivation was sorely felt by him at the time, but the effects were largely counterbalanced by his incessant study of the Scriptures, and by his fondness, amounting almost to a passion, for books. From his youngest years his love of reading attracted the attention of all who knew him. He had naturally an inquiring mind, and

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possessed an insatiable thirst for learning. Notwithstanding a tolerably good supply of useful literature with which his home was always stocked, he read, in addition, nearly all the books that he could borrow from the neighbours for miles around. Possessing also a remarkably retentive memory, when but a mere boy he had acquired a more accurate knowledge of Scripture history, and had read and digested more books—many of them requiring close study and attentive thought—than the majority of young men with much better opportunities for mental improvement.

Nothing of special importance occurred during the first thirteen years succeeding his father's settlement in the land of his adoption. His time was quietly spent amid the romantic scenery of his rural home, in what was then the backwoods of Canada. In the year 1847 he resolved to avail himself of greater educational advantages, and to qualify himself for a broader sphere of usefulness. In order to effect this object, he started one wintry November morning from his secluded forest home to become a student at the Normal School in Toronto, which had been opened a few months previously for public instruction. With characteristic energy and determination he travelled the whole of the distance, one hundred and twenty miles, on foot. After prosecuting his studies here with remarkable success, he returned home at the end of the academic year, taught school for about twelve or fourteen months, and came back again to attend lectures for another session. His ability and assiduity as a student soon rendered his proficiency so marked in all his studies, that he was frequently employed by the professors to assist them in teaching their classes. Before quitting the institution that session, he engaged as teacher of the school at Dunnville, Ont., where he taught for two years.

In 1851 he was called to the work of the Christian ministry in connection with the W. M. Church, of which he had been a member since 1843, when, together with his parents—who had previously been adherents of the Anglican Church—he was converted, under the instrumentality of the late Rev. John Williams, the Superintendent of the Asphodel Mission. He commenced his ministerial labours on the St. Thomas Circuit, some months after the meeting of the Conference, as junior preacher, under the direction of the Chairman of the London District. After re-

maining two years on this circuit, he travelled respectively for one year the Port Hope and Thorold Circuits. On completing his four years' probation, he was ordained at London in June, 1855, and sent to Dundas. The next year he was appointed Superintendent of the St. Andrew's Circuit, on the Ottawa River. He laboured here for two years, when he was sent to Odelltown Circuit In 1860 he was stationed by the Conference in Montreal West. Very shortly afterwards he was compelled, owing to enfeebled health, caused by protracted overwork before coming to the city, to resign his charge, and to retire temporarily from the pastorate. In the course of a few months he became sufficiently restored to undertake the superintendence of the St. John's Circuit, where he laboured for a term of three years. He was next stationed in Collingwood, Ont.; but at the end of one year was removed to Toronto, having accepted an invitation from the Elm-street Church to become their pastor. At the end of his three years' term he received an invitation to go to Belleville; but feeling his health again giving way, he requested the Conference to appoint him to a lighter field of labour, and he was sent to Ingersoll, Ont.

At the Conference which was held in Toronto the following year, 1869, he was elected editor of the *Christian Guardian*, as successor to the gifted and eloquent Dr. Jeffers—a position which he still retains, and which he has now occupied for a longer period than any of his predecessors. For five years consecutively he was re-elected to this office, each time by a large majority of the ministers attending the Annual Conference. At the first General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, held in Toronto in the month of September, 1874, when the Wesleyan and New Connexion bodies became amalgamated, he was again elected Connexional editor for a term of four years, by an overwhelming vote of the delegates, lay and ministerial, representing the united Church; and at the second General Conference, which assembled in Montreal in September, 1878, he was once more re-elected by an almost unanimous vote to the same important office for another quadrennial term. For this position, which he has occupied for such a length of time with so much credit to himself and satisfaction to the Church, he has in an eminent degree the essential qualifications. He is naturally a writer, and wields a ready and vigorous pen.

He possesses an extensive acquaintance with the best works of the standard English authors; and he keeps well abreast of the current literature of the day.

Literary composition, both prose and verse, has always been Dr. Dewart's favourite employment; and although he has laboured at a great disadvantage in the field of literature, owing to the constant pressure of pastoral and ministerial duties, he has, by dint of hard toil and great exertion, accomplished a good deal in the way of authorship. The productions of his pen first brought him into prominence as a thinker of more than ordinary mental power; and by his writings he has earned his widest and most lasting reputation. Not only has he been highly successful as a prose writer, but he has written and published a volume of poems which evince poetic ability of no mean order, and entitle him to a prominent place among the bards of Canada. His stirring lyrics on a great variety of subjects—patriotic, domestic, and religious —are characterized by elevated thought, graceful diction, and almost faultless metre. The poems on "The Falls of Niagara," "John Milton," "Voices of the Past," and others, reveal true poetic imagination, and are not unworthy to be ranked with the productions of authors of greater distinction.

A brief enumeration of his works, with their distinguishing features and the dates of their publication, will show how much he has done in the department of literature, and will also indicate how busy he has been with his pen amidst all his other engagements. His first literary effort of any importance was an essay, written in 1858, against the use by Christians of tobacco, which won for him out of a large number of competitors a valuable prize. In 1861 he published a thoughtful pamphlet on "The Children of the Church," in which he presents a somewhat original view of that important subject. In 1863, after considerable time spent in collecting the materials, he published a volume entitled "Selections from Canadian Poets," with critical and biographical notes, and a valuable introductory essay on Canadian poetry, which by its wide circulation brought into public notice a number of our country's poets theretofore unknown to fame, and rescued from oblivion a great many waifs of the imagination well worthy of being preserved in permanent form. In 1865 he wrote his "Waymarks," and the following year he wrote an able article on F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, which

appeared in the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, of New York, and attracted a good deal of attention at the time. The same year he edited and compiled "The Canadian Speaker," an elocutionary reader for teachers and students, containing useful introductory remarks on the principles of elocution. In 1869 he published his "Broken Reeds," and his collection of original poems entitled "Songs of Life." In 1873 he published a pamphlet entitled "Priestly Pretensions Disproved." In 1877 he published his scholarly pamphlet entitled "Spurious Catholicity," being a trenchant reply to a pamphlet entitled "Catholicity and Methodism," by the Rev. James Roy, M.A. In 1878 he published a most important work—a timely and unsectarian volume, replete with thoughtful arguments and practical suggestions for promoting vital godliness—entitled "Living Epistles; or, Christ's Witnesses in the World," with an appreciative introduction by the Rev. William Ormiston, D.D., and containing also a concise, vigorous essay on "Christianity and Scepticism." In the spring of 1878 he was appointed to deliver the annual lecture before the Theological Union of Victoria College, at the closing of the institution the following year. He took for his subject "The Development of Doctrine," an important theme, hitherto scarcely touched by Methodist theologians; and his lecture, which was delivered in Cobourg during the Convocation week last May, and has since been published in pamphlet form, is a comprehensive, liberal, and seasonable discussion of this interesting theological question. As a just and fitting recognition of his versatile talents, and his literary and theological attainments, the University of Victoria College at that time conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Dr. Dewart is a man of great force of character, and of marked natural ability. He is, in the true sense of the term, a self-made man, and his success is largely attributable to his indomitable perseverance and unwearied application. He has always been a diligent and laborious student, and a close observer of human nature. Thrown upon his own resources before he had attained his majority, he, without any special patronage, rapidly made his way to positions of prominence. Since he has occupied the editorial chair of the *Christian Guardian* his sphere of usefulness has been greatly enlarged, embracing as it does the whole of Canadian Methodism. Being a forcible speaker and a vigorous writer,

few men in the Church during that time have done more than he to determine the future character of Methodism in this country. He has always taken a prominent part in the discussions connected with the ordinary business of the Conference. He is a firm believer in true Christian union, and has for years desired to see, and striven to bring about, a united Methodism. The amalgamation of the two bodies, which took place in 1874, was in no small degree due to his persistent advocacy and powerful defence, both through the columns of the *Guardian* and in the discussions of the Conference.

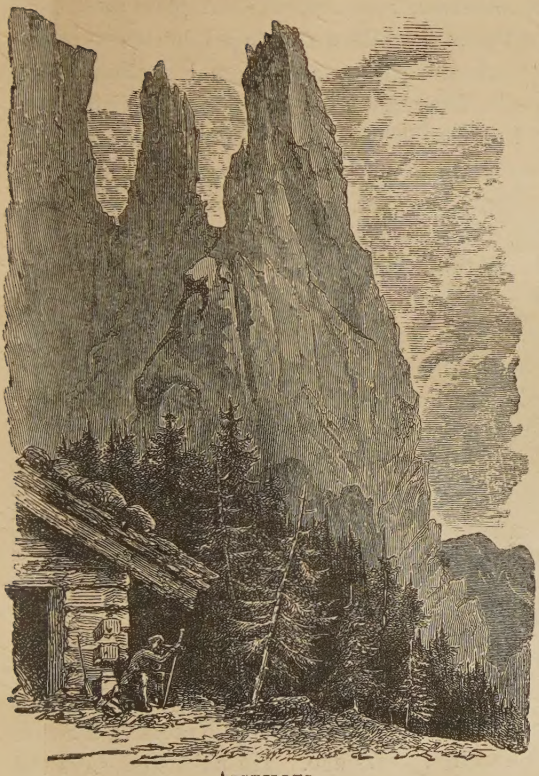
In connection with the movement for the consolidation of Canadian Methodism, he took a leading part in advocating lay delegation and union principles; and at the London Conference in 1873, when a plan of union had been agreed upon by the Wesleyan, Eastern British American, and New Connexion Conferences, he, in conjunction with Dr. Nelles, was appointed a delegate to the British Conference to represent the relations arising out of the proposed union, and to arrange the terms of settlement with the parent body. As a member of Church Courts and Conference Committees, he displays sagacity and decision of character. As a preacher he is earnest, practical, and at times eloquent; his sermons are calculated to quicken the intellect as well as the spirit. He is a man of strong convictions, tenacious of his opinions, which he forms independently, and fearless and outspoken in expressing and maintaining them. He is also a man of broad views, of progressive principles, and of advanced ideas upon all subjects, whether civil or ecclesiastical. Although thoroughly liberal in mere matters of opinion, whenever a principle is at stake he shows that he has the moral courage to act in accordance with his conscientious convictions, and resolutely to adhere to his purpose in spite of opposition, or prejudice, or the loss of popular favour. He has always taken a deep interest in everything that concerns the well-being of society, and has heartily sympathized and co-operated with all evangelical and non-sectarian institutions. His earliest attempts at public speaking were made while he was teaching school, in behalf of the great cause of Temperance. He has ever since been a steady and earnest advocate of Prohibition, and is at the present time the President of the Ontario branch of the Dominion Temperance Alliance.

ALPINE SNOW PEAK.

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

OVER THE ALPS AFOOT.



AIGUILLES.

I LEFT Lucerne in a pouring rain for my trip through the Bernese Oberland, most of which I made afoot. The clouds hung low on Pilatus, and threatened a very dismal day. The lovely landscape loomed dim and blurred through a thick veil of rain. I went by boat and *diligence* to Meiringen. I could hardly find a dry spot for myself or knapsack on the little steamer. At Alpnach the boat load of dripping tourists pattered about in the rain and mud, till assigned their places in the *diligences.* The local guides stood around, under the overhanging eaves of the houses, in a very disconsolate manner, each pulling away at a big pipe, like an overgrown baby at a sucking-bottle.

A rain-soaked and mud-bedraggled Frenchman who had that morning made the ascent of Pilatus, a Glasgow man, a Philadelphian, and a Canadian were the inside passengers. A pleasant-faced Swiss fraulein climbed on the step of the *diligence* as we rode along, and offered sweet wild strawberries, goat's milk

cheese, and cakes for sale. Her garrulous chatter wheedled each of the party into the purchase of her simple refreshments. I was charmed with the affable manners of the Swiss. Even the little children by the wayside would respectfully salute one with "*Gut morgen,*" or, "*Gut abend, Herr.*" If I made a trifling purchase they would say with a frank familiarity, "Dank you, goot-bye," or, "*Merci, monsieur; au revoir.*" A pleasant-voiced landlady came out in the rain while we changed horses to invite me to take a glass of wine or *cognac,* and when I declined, bade me a kind "goot-bye." They all tried to speak English, however imperfectly. "I dinks it will be wetter," said one in a pouring rain which seemed to make the prognostic impossible.

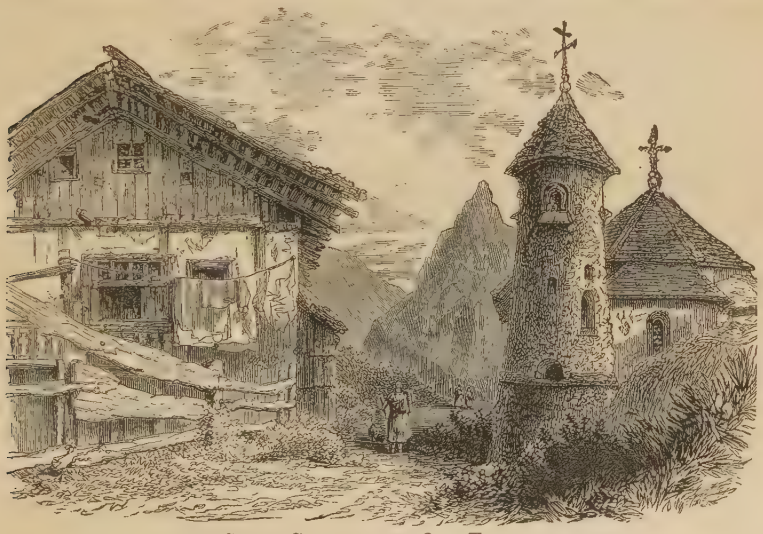
The rain soon ceased, however, and the ride through the Unterwald and Brunig Pass was very grand. We rattled through quaint villages with old churches crowned by bulbous spires, the houses covered with scale-work of carved shingles, often with a pious inscription or Scripture text engraved upon the timbers. The farm-houses looked comfortable, with broad eaves, outside stairs and galleries, but with very small lattice windows, and frequently with great stones on the roof to prevent the wind from blowing the shingles off. But, especially in the higher Alps, not unfrequently the lower story was occupied by the cows and goats, and the garret by the fowls.

The women wore short skirts of home-woven stuff, which made them look like girls, and the girls often had old-fashioned long dresses, which made them look like little women. The men wore jackets or short bob-tailed coats of coarse frieze, which, but for the inevitable pipe, made them look like big boys. At Sachseln is a large church, containing the bones of St. Nikolaus, a Swiss hermit who died five hundred years ago. He subsisted, says the legend, for twenty years on the elements of the sacrament, which he received every month. Scarce a house in the Forest Cantons is without a portrait of good Brother Klaus.

The road winds higher and higher, through solemn pine woods and beneath great precipices, till we reach the summit of the pass. Then it sweeps down in long curves, through sublime scenery, to the charming village of Meiringen. This quaint old village, nestled at the base of lofty mountains, is the most picturesque that I have seen. In the evening the Falls of the Alpbach were lighted up with coloured fires, with charming

effect. They flashed against a background of dark rock and darker forest, like a cataract of diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and rubies, as the vari-coloured light—now white, now green, now purple, now crimson—played on the snowy cascade with a wondrous beauty that words cannot describe. The effect was magical. The hotel people did not forget to put an item in the bill for the illumination, but it was well worth it.

Here began my Alpine tramp; and this, let me say, is the only way to see Switzerland properly—on foot. Behold me, then, starting out with knapsack on my back and long ash alpenstock in hand, just like the pictures of Bunyan's pilgrim faring forth



Swiss Chalet and Old Tower.

on his eventful journey. For awhile all went well. But soon the knapsack grew intolerably heavy, and the sun very hot, and I was glad to engage a guide to carry my pack over the mountains to Grindelwald. (This is a method I would strongly recommend. It leaves one free to enjoy the scenery, instead of toiling like a pack-horse.) A faithful, obliging, intelligent fellow my guide proved. Our conversation was rather limited, for he could speak not a word of English, and I very little German. But I made the most of that little, and it is surprising how far a very little will go when one has no other medium of intercourse. The path winds steeply up some 2,000 feet to the Falls of the Reichenbach. It is only a bridle-path—no carriages can

pass; the snowy Reichenbach leaps with headlong plunge down the mountain side, then strikes the rock, rebounds, and is lost in the deep and narrow gorge.

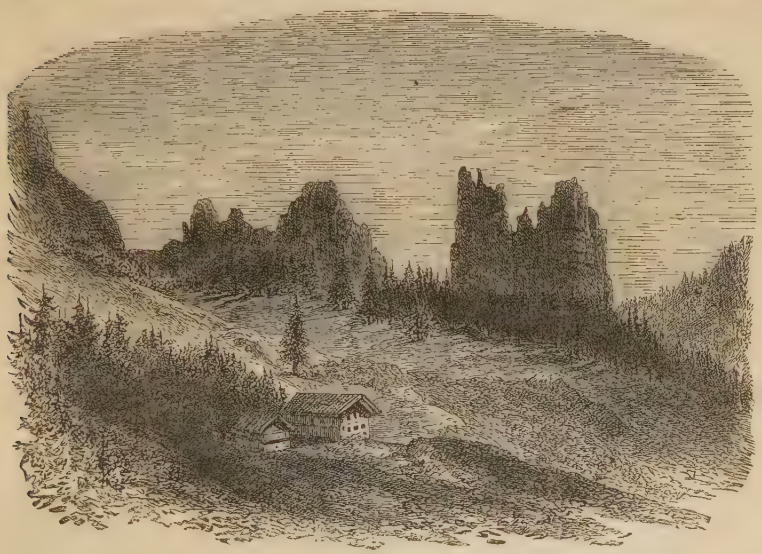
The path then winds through flowery upland meadows and beneath balm-breathing pines, enlivened by *chalets* and herds. In the bright sunlight the whole region seems transfigured and glorified. All day the lofty peaks of the Oberland form the sublime background of the view—the Engelhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Shreckhorn, the Eiger, the Monch, the Silberhorn, and, grandest of all, the Jungfrau. These mountain names are often very suggestive, as the Angel's Peak; peaks of Tempest, of Darkness, and of Terror; the Silver Peak, the Monk and the Virgin. Nearer at hand sharp aiguilles, or needles of rock, rise precipitously, as shown in our initial cut. There, in a lateral valley, is the beautiful Glacier of the Rosenlaui. Like a huge gauntlet that Winter has flung down, as Longfellow remarks, it age after age bids defiance to the Sun. Or rather, like some mighty dragon with glittering scales and horrent crest, it creeps stealthily from its mountain lair as if to devour the valley and its flocks and herds. But the golden shafts of Phœbus Apollo pierce his icy mail, and baffle and defeat and drive back the truculent monster.

The snow peaks pierce wedge-like the deep blue sky, cloud pennons streaming from their summit. Up, up, the vision climbs, along sheer precipices of thousands of feet, so steep that not even the snow can find a resting-place. At many of the grandest points of view the traveller is waylaid by sturdy mountaineers blowing their Alpine horns, at whose challenge the mountain echoes shout back their loud defiance. The Alp horn is a huge affair, from six to eight feet long, of either wood or metal. Upon it quite a musical air can be produced by a skilful player. The echoes are often exquisitely sweet, growing fainter and farther and dying away in the lone mountain solitudes. They made me think of Tennyson's Bugle Song:

> "O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
> And thinner, clearer, farther going;
> O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
> The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
> Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
> Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying."

I gave an old fellow half a franc to fire off his rusty cannon, and presently the mountain walls returned the cannonade, the echoes rolling and crashing in deep reverberations through the valley, like heaven's loud artillery. The traveller is beset by sturdy beggars, who pester him for alms. One rough-looking fellow dropped his axe as I came up and held out his hat with a whine. I demanded if he owned the mountain, and held out *my* hat asking alms for a foot-worn pilgrim, when the fellow rather sheepishly went back to his work.

The path lay over the Grendel Alp, along a narrow "hog's back" ridge, giving magnificent views of the mountain and



Mountain Pastures.

valley. The Wetterhorn rises in a buttressed and pinnacled façade, three or four thousand feet high, that seems almost to overhang the path, and then sweeps up to the height of 11,400 feet.

The descent into the Grindelwald is very abrupt and fatiguing. I diverged from the path to visit the celebrated glacier. The splintered and pinnacled mass creeps down its rocky bed with a slow, grinding motion, torn and rent by crevasses, crushing and scratching the rock, and leaving a huge moraine on either side and in front. An artificial grotto has been hewn a hundred feet into the heart of the glacier. The ice roof rises a hundred feet

thick above our head, of an exquisite crystalline texture, through which a faint light of a weird unearthly azure hue penetrates into the grotto. I placed my ear to the solid wall of ice and listened to the musical tinkling sound of the water trickling through its veins. The somewhat hilarious mirth of a gay tourist party caused a deep gurgling sound of laughter to run through the mass. One of the party fired off a pistol in the grotto, producing an extraordinary crashing noise.

Fair English girls were sketching by the roadside as I entered the village in the warm glow of sunset. Long after the twilight filled the valley, the snowpeaks burned with golden light, which deepened to a rosy glow, and then gleamed spectral white, like giant ghosts in the cold moonlight. My guide liked his service so well that he asked permission to accompany me the following day. To this I heartily agreed, and he went to sleep in a hay-loft, and I to the comfortable repose of the quaint old Hotel du Grand Eiger. The midday luncheon of sweet mountain milk and home-made bread had been delicious; but that did not lessen the appreciation of a substantial dinner after a hard day's work.

The next day, July 24th, was one of the greatest fatigue and greatest enjoyment of my life. I started early for a long hard climb to the summit of Mount Mannlichen, 7,700 feet high. The mountains threw vast shadows over the valley, but out of these I soon climbed into the sunshine, which was very hot, although the shade was very cold. Soon I felt a difficulty in breathing the keen and rarified mountain air. The effort to loosen some stones to roll down the mountain side, where they went bounding from ledge to ledge, quickened painfully the action of the heart and lungs. I felt also an intense thirst, which I tried to allay by copious draughts at the frequent ice-cold springs, and by eating snow gathered from the snow-fields over which I passed.

But the sublimity of the view more than compensates for all the fatigue. There rises in mid-heaven the shining Silberhorn with its sharp-cut outline, like the wind-chiseled curves of a huge snow-drift. The Finsteraarhorn towers 13,230 feet in air, bearing upon his mighty flanks the accumulated snow of myriads of years—suggesting thoughts of the great white throne of God in the heavens. But the sublime beauty of the Jungfrau—the

Virgin Queen of the Bernese Oberland—is a revelation to the soul. In her immortal loveliness and inviolable purity she is like the new Jerusalem coming down out of heaven—adorned as a bride for her husband.

As I reached at length the crest of the Mannlichen, there burst upon my sight a view unequalled elsewhere in Europe. There lay, half in deep shadow and half in bright sunlight, the narrow valley of the Lauterbrunnen, 5,000 feet deep, so near that it seemed as if I could leap down into it. On its opposite side could be traced, like a silver thread, the snowy torrent of the Staubach. The birds were flying, and light clouds drifting, far beneath my feet, and from that height of over 7,000 feet I looked up 6,000 more, to the snow-cowled Monk and silver-veiled Virgin, whose mighty sweep from base to summit was clearly seen across the narrow valley. Suddenly across the deep, wide stillness

> There comes an awful roar
> Gathering and sounding on.

It swells into a prolonged roll like thunder, and dies slowly away. It is the fearful avalanche. Its whole course can readily be traced. It looks like a vast cataract, pouring for thousands of feet down the mountain side, leaping from ledge to ledge, and then swallowed up in the abyss beneath. The heat of the afternoon sun loosened several snow masses, weighing, I suppose, many tons, which swept, like a solid Niagara, into the depths. This sublime phenomenon is well described by Byron in his "Manfred," whose scene is laid on this very spot.

The descent into the valley was very steep, and almost more fatiguing than the climb up. The grassy slopes of the Wengern Alp were covered by hundreds of cows and goats, each with a large bell attached, and each bell seemed to possess a different note. Instead of the discord that might have been expected, the strange musical tinkling, at a little distance, was far from unpleasing. More cannon firing and Alp horns followed. On the latter are played the simple Swiss *Ranz des Vaches,* or cattle call, which, when played in foreign lands, awakens such intense home-longings in the exiles from these Alpine valleys.

From a balcony, hanging like an eagle's nest 2,000 feet above Lauterbrunnen, watched over evermore by the snowy Jungfrau, and lovelier "Happy Valley" even Rasselas never beheld, a delightful

In the Oberland.

bird's-eye view is obtained. The Staubach, leaping down the mountain's side, 980 feet in a single bound, gleams, to use the extraordinary figure of Byron, like the tail of the Pale Horse of Death, described in the Apocalypse. On nearer approach, the appropriateness of its name, "The Dustfall," is seen, as, dissipated in vapour, it drifts away upon the wind. Or perhaps it looks more like a bridal veil, woven of subtlest tissue, waving and shimmering in the air. There are in the valley some thirty similar "dustfalls." It well deserves the name of Lauterbrunnen —"nothing but fountains." Twelve hours on foot had earned a night's repose, but so wondrous was the spectral beauty of the Jungfrau, gleaming in the moonlight like a lovely ghost, that I scarce could shut out the sight. Here I met again, to our mutual surprise and pleasure, my travelling companion through Italy.

It is a charming ride of seven miles down the valley to Interlaken—a village of less than 2,000 permanent residents, with over a score of large hotels. Its position, between Lakes Brienz and Thun, gives it its name and importance as a centre of travel. In summer it rivals Baden-Baden in the number of its visitors. In winter, I suppose, the people hybernate on what they have made off their victims. Like Baden, it has its Kursaal, or public concert hall, for whose behoof each traveller is mulcted in his bill.

The popular excursion from Interlaken is that up the lovely Lake Brienz to the Giessbach Falls—the most picturesque in Switzerland. In seven connected cascades, framed by the dark green foliage of pines and spruces, the river leaps from a height of 1,148 feet into the lake. Romantic walks, bridges, and arbours, and at night an illumination of the falls, make the spot a fairyland of beauty. The hotel, like most of those in Switzerland, is sumptuous. Here is seen in perfection the pretty Bernese female costume—black bodice, white sleeves, and silver chains looped up over the shoulder.

One of the grandest excursions in Switzerland is that over the Gemmi Pass. I left Spiez, on Lake Thun, by *diligence* for Kandersteg, beyond which there is only a bridle path. The little hamlet lies amid a magnificent mountain panorama. I took a lonely evening walk up a gorge of wildest desolation. The overhanging crags seemed as if they would inevitably topple down and crush the rash mortal who had dared to invade their solitary domain. In the hotel parlour on Sunday we had a thorough

High Church service. Two clergymen in full canonicals—gown, surplice, and hood—officiated. A table draped in white, at the east end of the room, served as an altar. On it were two candles —the latter not lighted, however. The service was intoned throughout—Creed, Lord's Prayer, and all. The congregation consisted of four ladies and one gentleman beside myself. Nevertheless, the simple beauty of the prayers, which have voiced the aspirations of successive generations, could not be marred by the puerilities with which they were accompanied.

An Alpine Pass.

Early on Monday morning, with guide and alpenstock, I started upon another mountain tramp. The zig-zag path was dreadfully steep, but the grand views of the Blumlis Alp gave an excuse for often stopping to rest. I joined a pleasant Quaker party from Philadelphia, to whom my recognition of a quotation from Lowell, by one of the ladies, sufficed for an introduction—so unconventional is the etiquette of mountain travel. After a four hours' walk we reached the summit of the pass (7,553 feet high), when there burst upon the sight a magnificent view of the Rhone Valley and the Alps of the Vallais, and, at a dizzy depth beneath, the Baths of Leuk. Down the face of an almost perpendicular cliff, 1,800 feet high, winds, in many zig-zags, one

of the most remarkable Alpine routes. The winding way—a groove blasted in the rock—resembles a spiral stair, the upper parts actually projecting over the lower. The old Quaker lady was carried down in a chair by relays of strong-armed guides, who sang a wild refrain, which was weirdly echoed from the opposite wall of rock. The young ladies walked down, which it requires pretty good nerve to do. Invalids borne down to the baths sometimes have their eyes blindfolded to avoid seeing the perils of the way. In 1861 the Countess d'Herlincourt fell over the precipice and was dashed to pieces. From the valley it is impossible to trace the route by which one has just descended.

The hot baths of Leuk have been famous from the time of the Romans. To get the full benefit of them patients must sit in the hot water—from 93° to 123° Fahrenheit—for several hours a day. To avoid the tedium of solitary bathing they wear a flannel suit, and sit, immersed to their necks, in a common bath. Each bather has a small floating table for his book, paper, chess-board, or coffee, and the ladies for their sewing or knitting. I saw a young girl reading a letter, and children playing ball and swimming about; and one stout old gentleman in spectacles had a very comical look. Of course perfect decorum is observed. They looked like a lot of mermen and mermaids—one almost expected to see the fins. I could hardly bear my hand in the water it was so hot.

The eight miles' walk down the wild valley of the Dala to the Rhone, was one of the grandest of my life. At the bottom of a gorge, 900 feet deep, raves the brawling torrent. Above the pathway towers a lofty cliff, the only way to climb which to the village of Arbignon is by a series of eight rude ladders attached to the perpendicular rock. The villages looked like eagles' nests hanging on the steep slopes. The ever-varying views were so entrancing that I scarce could tear myself away. As a consequence I had to hurry down a rough short cut, like the dry bed of a torrent, to catch the railway train at Leuk. Never, I think, was the transition from foot-sore, weary pedestrianism, to the rapid travel of an express train, more grateful than to the rather demoralized individual who, that lovely summer evening, was whirled up the Rhone Valley to Martigny. In the valley are several picturesque old castles of the robber knights and fighting bishops of the middle ages; and some date from Roman times.

MEDIÆVAL EASTER HYMN.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

(Translation by Rev. E. A. Washburn.)

"Pone luctum, Magdalena !
Et serena lacrymas ;
Non est jam Simonis cœna,
Non, cur fletum exprimas ;
Causæ mille sunt lætandi,
Causæ mille exultandi,
Halleluia !

"Sume risum, Magdalena !
Frons nitescat lucida ;
Demigravit omnis pœna,
Lux coruscat fulgida ;
Christus mundum liberavit,
Et de morte triumphavit !
Halleluia !

"Gaude, plaude, Magdalena !
Tumba Christus exiit !
Tristis est peracta scena,
Victor mortis rediit ;
Quem deflebas morientem,
Nunc arride resurgentem ;
Halleluia !

"Tolle vultum, Magdalena !
Redivivum aspice ;
Vide, frons quam sit amœna,
Quinque plagas inspice ;
Fulgent, sic ut margaritæ,
Ornamenta novæ vitæ.
Halleluia !

"Vive, vive, Magdalena !
Tua lux reversa est,
Gaudiis turgescat vena,
Mortis vis abstersa est ;
Mœsti procul sunt dolores,
Læti redeant amores !
Halleluia !"

"Still thy sorrow, Magdalena !
Wipe the tear-drops from thine eyes;
Not at Simon's board thou kneelest,
Pouring thy repentant sighs ;
All with thy glad heart rejoices,
All things sing with happy voices,
Hallelujah !

"Laugh with rapture, Magdalena !
Be thy drooping forehead bright ;
Banished now is every anguish,
Breaks anew thy morning light ;
Christ from death the world hath freed ;
He is risen, is risen indeed !
Hallelujah !

"Joy, exult, O Magdalena !
He hath burst the rocky prison ;
Ended are the days of darkness,
Conqueror hath He arisen.
Mourn no more the Christ departed ;
Run to welcome Him, glad-hearted.
Hallelujah !

"Lift thine eyes, O Magdalena !
See, thy living Master stands !
See His face, as ever, smiling ;
See those wounds upon His hands,
On His feet, His sacred side,—
Gems that deck the Glorified.
Hallelujah !

"Live, now live, O Magdalena !
Shining in thy new-born day ;
Let thy bosom pant with pleasure,
Death's poor terror flee away ;
Far from thee the tears of sadness,
Welcome love, and welcome gladness !
Hallelujah !"

MISSION LIFE IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS.*

I.

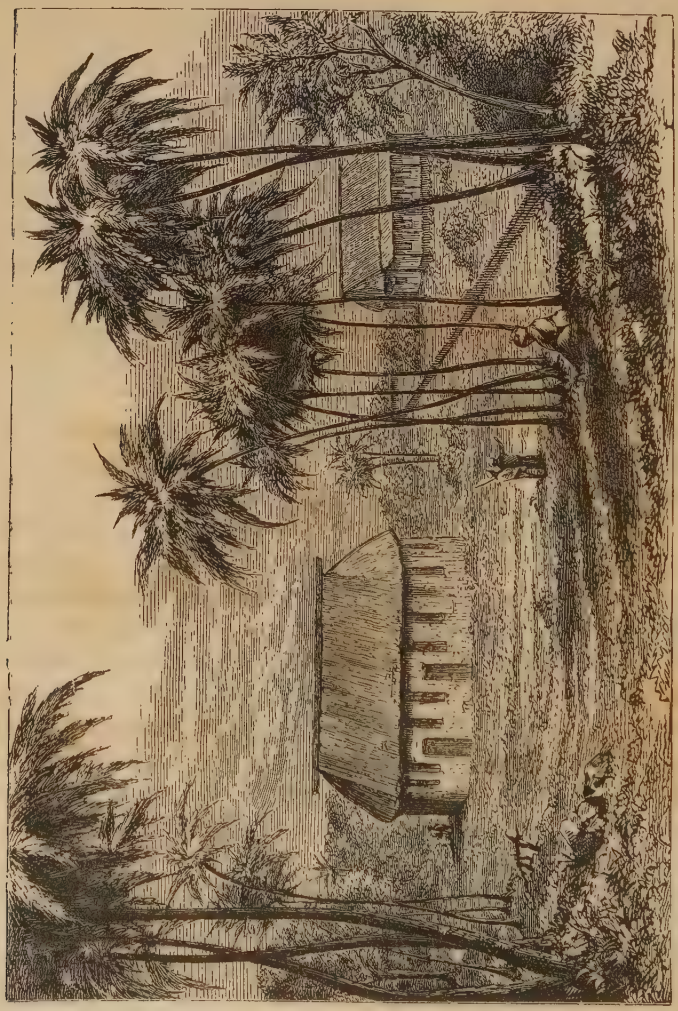
NOWHERE have the triumphs of Missions been more striking than in the sunny islands of the Southern Seas. The discovery by the gallant Tasman of those beautiful coral-fringed islands, with their splendid vegetation and their feathery foliage of tropic palms, seemed to the eyes of astonished Europe like the unveiling of a lovely paradise. A hundred years later, when visited by Captain Cook, the fancied mildness of disposition of the inhabitants of the group to which we refer procured for them the name of the Friendly Islands. But a more intimate acquaintance showed that these lovely islands were truly "dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty." It turned out that these *Friendly* Islanders were almost constantly at war among themselves, that they were cannibals, polygamists, and idolaters, and that they stood in need of the Gospel as much as any people who ever lived on the face of the earth.

When the London Missionary Society was organized in the year 1795, it was arranged that their first enterprise should be a mission to the Southern Seas, a part of the world which was then attracting considerable attention by reason of the wonderful discoveries of Captain Cook, which had just been made known to the public. Thirty persons were engaged as missionaries. Only four of these, however, were ordained ministers; the rest were mechanics or tradesmen, intended to teach the natives the arts of civilized life, as introductory to the Gospel, according to the erroneous notion generally entertained in those days. The strangers were kindly received by the chiefs and people of Tonga, not so much, perhaps, from regard to the object of their mission, as from the hope that they might become possessed of some of the goods they had brought with them; for they were well supplied with various articles of merchandize—iron, edged tools, fish hooks, and other commodities which were highly prized by the natives.

But, of all their possessions, none seemed to excite their

* This article is compiled chiefly from Moister's History of Wesleyan Missions.

wonder so much as a cuckoo-clock. Its motion and striking were caused, they fancied, by a spirit who lived in it. They gave it the name of "Akau lea," or "speaking wood." They dared not touch it, and they thought that if they stole anything,



WESLEYAN CHAPEL, FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

the bird-spirit would detect them. This superstitious fear was not without its use among a people who were addicted to theft, and who coveted almost everything they saw. Gifts of provisions were brought in large quantities to the missionaries, who in return made many useful presents to the chiefs.

This transient friendliness, however, soon became changed to virulent treachery and hatred. Ultimately the mission premises were plundered and destroyed by the savages, three of the missionaries were cruelly murdered, and the rest only escaped by getting on board a ship bound for Port Jackson, which called at Tonga just at the time they were exposed to the most imminent danger. Thus was the first mission to the Friendly Isles relinquished after three years of fruitless labour, exposure, and peril.

Not till twenty years later was another attempt made to plant a mission in this unfriendly soil by the Rev. Walter Lawry, a Wesleyan missionary. For a while the kindness of the natives, and their readiness to receive instruction, raised his hope of success, and he wrote home for more missionaries, a surgeon, a printer, teachers, books, and articles for barter. Soon the characteristic fickleness and superstition of the people were again manifested, and, after fourteen months of arduous labour, the mission had again, for a time, to be relinquished. After a lapse of two years it was again resumed under brighter auspices. But the fairest promises of the heathen are not to be depended upon. Within a week or two after their arrival, the missionaries were convinced that their property was more coveted than their teaching. Every possible hindrance was thrown in their way, and they had reason to feel for their personal safety. The Chief, moreover, called his people together, spoke contemptuously of the God of the Christians, and forbade them to go to His worship on pain of death. Amid all these difficulties the missionaries continued earnestly to labour and fervently to pray for grace to enable them to bear up under their peculiar trials; and early in the following year they were favoured to witness some improvement in the temper and spirit of both chiefs and people.

Schools were established, which were soon attended by hundreds of children, who made rapid progress in learning to read, as well as in committing to memory hymns, prayers, and lessons from Scripture. In the meantime the Sabbath congregations continued to improve, and they had frequently as many as two hundred natives joining in the public worship of God. Open opposition to the labours of the missionaries in Tonga for a time almost entirely disappeared; and they were enabled to devote themselves fully to preaching, teaching, and translating, and acquiring a more perfect knowledge of the language.

The King of Haabia, who afterwards became the celebrated King George of the whole of the Friendly Islands, visited Tonga in person, begged earnestly for a missionary, and did his best to persuade one to accompany him on his return. Although the brethren were unable at that time to comply with his request,

A Polynesian Idol.

they were pleased to hear, some time afterwards, that he had taken a solemn oath to cast away his lying spirits and turn to Jehovah; and that he had begun to observe the Christian Sabbath by ceasing from work and from amusement. It after-

wards transpired that when he could not procure a missionary, he actually employed an English sailor to read prayers in a house which was used as a chapel on Sundays.

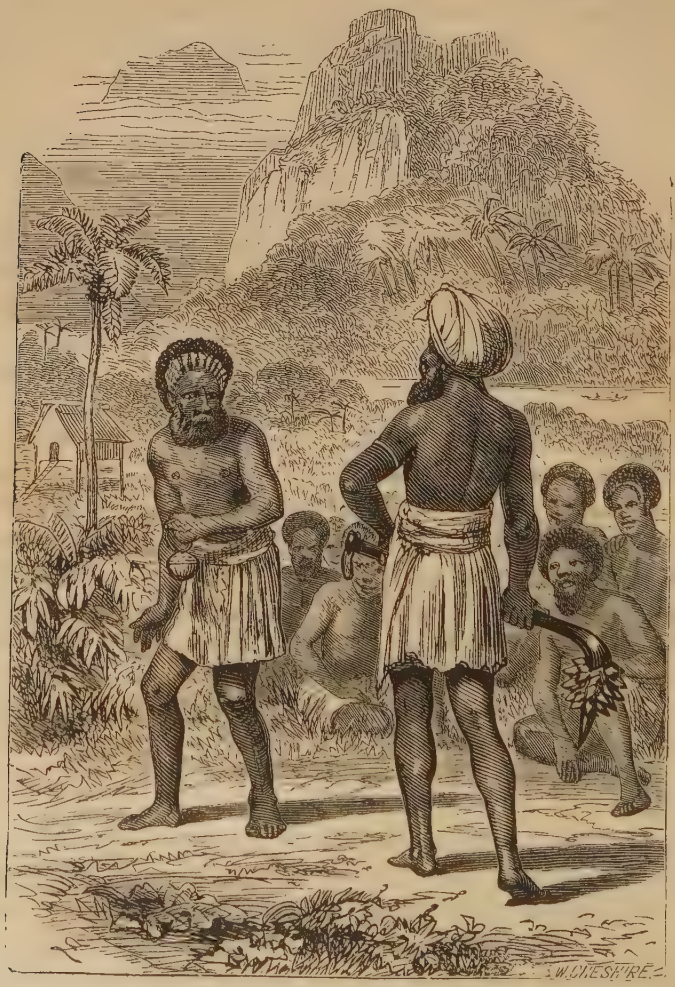
At Mua, the chief and his people spontaneously abandoned their idols, and built a neat Christian place of worship—rude in appearance, but for these untutored people a remarkable achievement—in anticipation of a missionary; and when a ship called there, and had no teacher on board, they were bitterly disappointed.

From this period the missionaries were encouraged by evidences of a deeper spiritual work of grace among the people. The King himself began to meet in class, and his voice was heard in the prayer-meetings. Christian marriages were introduced, the Sabbath-day was kept holy, family worship was generally observed, and the whole deportment of the people showed that a genuine work of grace had taken place in the hearts of many. The missionaries having now more completely mastered the native language, preached the Gospel with the demonstrations of the Spirit, and with power; every week that passed witnessed new accessions to the Church, and multitudes believed and were baptized, as many as eighty-four being sometimes added to the number of professing Christians in one day. Prayer-meetings were now commenced. At the first love-feast held in Tonga, one hundred and fifty members were present, and forty-six spoke, in a very simple and affecting manner, of their conversion from heathenism to Christianity.

But the most remarkable event of this early period was the baptism of the paramount Chief or King Tubou, which took place on the 18th of January, 1830. He stood up in the chapel before the pulpit, with his wife and children by his side, in the presence of a large congregation, as proof of his having abandoned his false gods, and embraced the true religion. He assured the missionaries and his people that he had cast away everything that he knew to be sinful, and that Jehovah was his God and Jesus Christ his only Saviour, and that he had made an offering of himself, his wife, and his children that day to the Lord, that He might dispose of him and his as He thought good. He exhorted his people to attend to the things of God, and to follow his example in being baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. The King chose the name of Josiah; and having been himself

thus dedicated to God, he presented his four children for baptism, so that the whole of the royal family were now received into the Church of Christ.

A remarkable incident now occurred, which clearly shows the superintending providence of God in the affairs of the missionary



THE CHEATING PRIEST.

enterprise. Whilst waiting anxiously permission of the Committee to open a new mission, a small box or packet was washed on shore and brought to Mr. Turner. It was found to contain a letter which gave the desired permission. The vessel that bore

that letter had foundered at sea, and all on board were lost. Neither the vessel nor crew, nor any of the goods with which she had been freighted, were ever seen or heard of again. That letter alone, the messenger of mercy to a people waiting for the law of the Lord, guided by Him "whom winds and sea obey," escaped the general wreck, and was cast on shore at the right place and right time, to relieve the minds of the missionaries.

A native teacher named Peter had previously been sent to this group, to instruct the people as best he could in the truths of the Gospel with which he himself had but recently become acquainted. Mr. Thomas was glad to find that the labours of this humble but earnest pioneer evangelist had not been in vain. Out of eighteen inhabited islands, all but three had embraced Christianity. Many houses, formerly sacred to idol gods, were either used as common dwellings, or set apart for the worship of Jehovah. The King took five of his principal idols and hung them up by the neck in one of these houses, in order that the people might see that they were "all dead."

To meet the ever-increasing demands on the time and attention of one missionary would have been a truly herculean task, even if the usual aid of books and school requisites had been available, but in a country where letters were previously unknown, and where every book had to be written out with the pen of the teacher, the difficulty and labour were increased tenfold. Still the missionary toiled on, preaching, teaching, and translating from day to day as the Lord gave him strength, and his labour was not in vain. Hundreds of children and young people soon learned to read and write their own language with fluency, native teachers were raised up to take a part in the good work, and the mission prospered in all its interests. Day by day not only young people, but also old and resolute heathens, were found yielding to the power of Divine truth, and many became Christians not in name only but in heart and in life. Before a year had passed away, one hundred and fifty converted natives had been united in Church fellowship, the Chief himself being one of the number; and a large chapel had been erected, at the opening of which between two and three thousand people were present, the King and his people, from the infant of days to the old and grey-headed, all bowing before Jehovah in humble adoration.

Old heathen customs were put away, together with the worship of their false gods. The latter, especially, was very degrading in its character, as the idols themselves were very uncouth and hideous in their appearance. One of these, with two of its heathen devotees, is shown on page 214. Paganism did not

NATIVE CHRISTIAN PRINCE. (From a Photograph.)

expire without a struggle, though almost always worsted in its conflict with Christianity.

There was an old heathen priest who declared that he had found out how to make something which he called *wai ni tuka*, "water of immortality;" and that if any one drank of this

wonderful stuff he would live for ever, and nothing could kill or hurt him.

Of course the priest made this boast in order to tempt the people who had become Christians to return to the old religion. The following is the account, by a missionary, of his exposure:

"I asked a native chief about the old priest, whereupon he burst into a great roar of laughter.

"'O, *that* fellow!' said he, 'Wagalevu made a thorough fool of him before us all—me and our people—a great company.'

"'Well,' says Wagalevu, 'is all this true about your *wai ni tuka?*'

"'It is true, sir,' answered the priest.

"'Indeed,' said Wagalevu. 'Then *you* have drunk it yourself, eh?'

"'Yes,' returned the priest. 'I have drunk it.'

"'Very well, then,' said the chief; 'if you are clubbed it can't hurt you now, I suppose?'

"'It cannot hurt me; nothing can hurt me,' said the priest, quite boldly.

"Good,' cried Wagalevu, 'now, to-morrow shall we prove the truth of your words. Hi! you there! Bring me a club!'

"So a club was brought, at which the old priest began to cast uneasy glances.

"Now, then,' continued the chief, 'if your words are true, the club won't hurt you; and if they are false, it will serve you right to have your head cracked for your lies and cheating. Are you ready? Are you willing to be put to proof?'"

"'Well,' said I, 'well! what did the priest say?'

"'Say,' cried my friend, with another roar; 'what did he say? What *could* he say? Why, he was dumb. Not a word could we get out of him. And so we all know that he is a liar and a cheat.'"

Under Christian influence the type of countenance of the native race changed; and instead of the savage ferocity of cannibals, an expression of mildness and intelligence became common. The portrait of the native prince on page 218 will show what Christianity will do for even the outward appearance of one of the most barbarous races in the world.

CANADIAN METHODISM; ITS EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

Written at the request of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Annual Conferences.

ESSAY III.—THE SUPERNATURAL CHARACTER OF CANADIAN METHODISM.

By the "supernatural," we mean that which is above the powers or laws of nature; we mean that which is produced by a Divine agency—the immediate power of God. But in affirming the "supernatural character of Canadian Methodism," we are far from denying or ignoring the "supernatural" in other religious persuasions who hold the doctrines of the Triune Godhead, the atonement of Jesus Christ, and the resultant work of the Holy Ghost, and who practically and experimentally incorporate these doctrines with the pardon of penitent sinners, their regeneration and adoption into the Church, or family, of the living God. These doctrines are embraced in the creed of all Protestant denominations, except the Unitarians and Pelagians; but though these doctrines were in Protestant creeds, they were not always in Protestant pulpits or in Protestant congregations. In the commencement of Methodism in England, few of the clergy of the Established Church and few of the Dissenters preached, much less exemplified, these doctrines, though they were prominent in their creeds. But Methodism, from the beginning, in England, the United States, and Canada, gave a supreme significance and practical application to these doctrines, which have constituted the *supernatural character* of Methodism throughout the world. This is specially true of Canadian Methodism, with which we have chiefly to do in these Essays. Though the first ministers were "few and far between," there was perfect unity in the doctrines of faith and experience which they preached, and everywhere, by the river side or in the remote wilderness, there was but one doctrine, one faith, one experience, one joy, one fellowship, among the isolated preachers and societies, from Quebec to Detroit.

The summary of the doctrines which they preached was the natural depravity of the human heart; the atonement made by

Jesus Christ as a full and sufficient sacrifice for the sins of the whole world; the offering of salvation to every individual, on the condition of repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; justification by faith alone; but from the faith which justifies, good works proceed; the witness of the Spirit, which may be enjoyed by every believer attesting his sonship; and the pressing after "holiness, without which no man can see the Lord,"—followed by the doctrines of future rewards and punishments, together with the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body. It will be seen that these doctrines are but the echoes of the doctrines of the apostles and of the Protestant Reformation as embodied in the Articles of the Church of England, except the 17th Article, on Predestination and Election, which means Arminianism as contended by Wesley and Fletcher, or Calvinism as argued by Toplady and Shirley. These doctrines differ from those of the Calvinistic Churches, in rejecting the doctrines of absolute election and reprobation, and of the impossibility of falling from grace;* they differ from the Unitarians and Socinians, by proclaiming the supreme divinity and atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ; and from the Pelagians, by holding the doctrine of human depravity—the natural corruption of the human heart, and human inability, without Divine grace, to turn from sin to holiness—teaching at the same time, that a sufficient measure of grace is given to every man to profit withal, and that through the merits of Christ's atonement full salvation is the privilege of every individual.†

The doctrines insisted upon by the first preachers in Canada, as also by Mr. Wesley himself, and by his true and faithful successors of the present day, were few, in each of which the presence and exercise of Divine power was recognized and prayed for. Mr. Wesley says—"I have again and again, with all the plainness I could, declared what our constant doctrines are; whereby we are distinguished only from heathens or nominal Christians;

* The earliest embodiment of the doctrines of the Reformation is contained in the *Prayer Book and Homilies of the Church of England*, compiled by Latimer, Cranmer, and Ridley, and their immediate associates and fellow-sufferers, and existing at this day, with a few verbal alterations, as they were originally prepared and sanctioned. The Westminster Calvinistic Confession of Faith was compiled and adopted a hundred years later than the Common Prayer Book and Homilies.

† See Bishop Simpson on *A Hundred Years of Methodism*, Chapter xv.

not from any that worship God in spirit and in truth. Our main doctrines, which include all the rest, are three—that of repentance, of faith, and of holiness. The first of these we account, as it were, the porch of religion; the next, the door; the third, religion itself."*

If we consider separately and successively the doctrines preached by the ministers of Methodism in Canada, and the manner in which they were preached, we will see at once the supernatural character of Canadian Methodism, its agreement with the doctrines and spirit of the Protestant Reformation, and with those of our Lord and His apostles. When the voice of John

* *Principles of a Methodist Further Explained.* Works, Vol. V., p. 333, Am. Ed.

In another place, in answer to the objection to Mr. Wesley and his preachers, that "they make it their principal employ, wherever they go, to instil into the people a few tenets of their own, and this with such diligence and zeal as if the whole of Christianity depended upon them, and all efforts toward the true Christian life, without belief of these tenets, were vain and ineffectual," Mr. Wesley answers:

"I plead guilty to this charge. I do make it my principal, nay, my whole employ, and that wherever I go, to instil into the people a few favourite tenets;—only, be it observed, they are not mine, but His who sent me. And it is undoubtedly true that this I do (though deeply conscious of my own want both of zeal and diligence) as if the whole of Christianity depended upon them, and all efforts without them were void and vain. I frequently sum them all up in one: 'In Christ Jesus' (that is, according to the Gospel) 'neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but faith which worketh by love.' But many times I instil them one by one under these or like expressions: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength; thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;' as thy own soul; as Christ loved us. 'God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God dwelleth in him.' 'Love worketh no ill to his neighbour; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.' 'As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men; especially unto them who are of the household of faith.' 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them.'

"These are my favourite tenets, and have been for many years. O that I could instil them into every soul throughout the land! Ought they not to be instilled with such diligence and zeal, as if the whole of Christianity depended upon them? For who can deny that all efforts toward a Christian life, without more than a bare belief, without a thorough experience and practice of these, are utterly vain and ineffectual?"—*Further Appeals to Men of Reason and Religion*, Part I. Works, Vol. V., pp. 48, 49, Am. Ed.

the Baptist crying in the wilderness, "*Repent* ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," was silenced by his death of martyrdom, then "from that time Jesus began to preach and to say, *Repent*, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." And in the first great mixed assembly on the day of Pentecost, in answer to the inquiry of the multitude, "pricked to the heart," "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" the Apostle Peter said "*Repent* and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." And in the preaching of the Apostle Paul, who on reviewing his ministry, declares to his brethren of Ephesus that he had "taught publicly and from house to house," "both to the Jews and Greeks, *repentance* toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ;" so the first of Wesley's "favourite doctrines" was *repentance;* and thus did Dr. Bangs, in opening his mission to the destitute Canadian settlers of the western district of Upper Canada, take for his text Acts iii. 19, "*Repent* ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." So also did every Methodist preacher of that day commence his mission of love and compassion to the destitute settlers. The first race of Methodist preachers in Canada were rightly called *legio tonans* —the thundering legion; for the thunder trumpet of their voice sounded throughout the wilderness settlements of Canada, "*Repent and be converted.*"

And the *repentance,* or conviction of sin, thus taught at the very threshold of their ministrations—a repentance consisting not merely of regret and remorse for past misdeeds, and a desire and determination to forsake them, but a repentance involving a consciousness of the sinfulness of the heart, the guilt and condemnation of sin, its burden and misery, dread of its punishment, and struggles to be delivered from its power, exclaiming, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"—this repentance, not admitted under the law of works, is the first-fruit of the Redeemer's atoning work, who is exalted at the right hand of God to give *repentance* and the remission of sins.

Three things are included in that repentance which is unto salvation, and which was preached by Wesley and the pioneer preachers of Canadian Methodism: 1. A *holy sorrow* for sin, as

dishonourable to God and defiling to the soul—as ungrateful, hateful, and destructive. 2. Confession of sin—a confession which is simply the language of the inward sorrow of the heart—the giving vent to that sorrow, in acknowledgments free without compulsion, ingenuous without reserve, cordial without hypocrisy. 3. A turning from sin—from all sin, from every sin—turning to God. Godly sorrow flows from God, and leads to Him. Repentance unto life, is repentance *towards* God. The repentant heart turns to God, as the needle to the pole. The prodigal not only lamented and renounced his harlot indulgences, but returned to his insulted father. Such repentance teaches the bitterness of sin, shows the nature of pardon, prepares and melts the heart, like wax, to receive the seal of pardon.

Such is the repentance taught by Wesley,* and his fellow-labourers and spiritual sons in the United States and in Canada. Such a *repentance* is closely and inseparably connected with *faith;* a faith, not a mere intellectual assent to the doctrine of redemption and all the truths of the Gospel, but a *trust* in the Redeemer. Repentance is the sorrowful consciousness of guilt, and a throbbing desire for forgiveness; faith is the trust of the soul in the sacrificial death of the Son of God for pardon and eternal life—it is the resting of the soul upon Christ alone for salvation. Without *faith,* repentance would be but the anguish of irreparable sin and folly—the gloomy foreshadowing of future punishment; without *repentance,* faith is the mere assent of the understanding—the heartless and perhaps reluctant submission of the judgment to facts and doctrines which cannot be successfully contradicted or reasonably doubted. Repentance gives heart and hands to faith; faith places that heart upon Jesus Christ, and clasps those hands around His cross. Faith is the vital artery of the soul; it unites the soul to Christ; it receives life from Him; it quickens the soul from death unto life. "He that believeth on the Son of God, though he were dead, yet shall he live." He "is passed from death unto life."

Hence pardon, adoption, and regeneration immediately follow upon repentance and faith. By *pardon,* we are delivered from the punishment and guilt of sin through the merits of Jesus Christ; by *adoption,* we are taken into the family of God, are

* See Wesley's Sermon on *The Way to the Kingdom.*

dignified by His name, and made partakers of all the privileges of His children; by *regeneration*, we are restored to the moral image of God—we are stamped with the seal of His likeness—we are renewed in righteousness and true holiness. New faculties are not given; but the qualities, the character, the tendency of our intellectual and moral powers are changed and improved—embracing the understanding, the will, the conscience, the affections, the passions, and appetites; and prompting us still, by an ever-increasing hungering and thirsting after righteousness, until the God of peace sanctifies us wholly, preserving our whole spirit, soul and body unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Often repentance, faith, pardon, regeneration, and adoption are carried in the soul simultaneously, and sometimes nearly instantaneously.

Such is a meagre summary of the Scriptural and experimental doctrines which the pioneer preachers of Canadian Methodism proclaimed in public, and taught from house to house, among the new and scattered settlers of the Canadian wilderness; and "the hand of the Lord was with them, and a great number believed and turned unto the Lord."

But it was not merely in the pure and experimental doctrines taught that the *supernatural character* of Canadian Methodism was demonstrated in the early stages of its development; it was also in the recognition and dependence upon the presence and power of God the Holy Ghost in every ministration and service, public or private. Was ignorance or the darkness of the understanding dispelled? It was "God who caused the light to shine out of darkness," and "shined in the heart to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Was there a stirring of spiritual life, the quickening sensation of *repentance?* "You hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." Was there faith? It was the "operation" and "gift of God." Was there the act of pardon? God was present; for "it is God that justifieth." Did the believing sinner know that he was pardoned and accepted in the Beloved? The Holy Spirit bare witness with his spirit that he was a child of God. Was he renewed in the spirit of his mind? Here was a new creation—making something out of nothing—the peculiar work of God. Was the believer preserved steadfast in Christ Jesus? It was because he was "kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation."

Thus is the *supernatural character* of Canadian Methodism evinced in its every doctrine and service. In this glorious work God was the Alpha and Omega, the all in all. Though some of its apostles might plant and others water, it was God, in every case, that gave the increase.* The ministration of these devoted

* "Wherever," says Robert Hall, "the apostles had any distinguished success in the ministry of the Gospel, they certainly remind us of its being effected by *Divine agency.* If they preached with success at Antioch, where it appears that their ministry was attended with great benefit, it is announced in these words: '*And the hand of the Lord was with them.*' When Paul had preached the Gospel to the heathen, after having been commissioned with Barnabas to the work of the Lord to which they were sent, they represented to the Church '*how God had opened a way to the Gentiles;*' and the Jewish Christians were compelled, we are told, to magnify the grace of God in communicating the blessing to them, and they did so in these words: '*Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life.*' If Lydia was converted to the faith of Christ, we are told it was because '*the Lord had opened her heart to attend to the things that were spoken.*' Sincere preachers of the Gospel, then, as they have been successful in the work, even from the very beginning, from the first communication of Divine truth, have uniformly represented it as the *work of God*, as the work of His Spirit, independent of the instrumentality which He employed in the ministry of the Word.

"Human suasion can operate only on principles which already exist. When Demosthenes, by his powerful eloquence, excited the Athenians to combat, he only called into action, by a skilful grouping of motives, and an appropriate exercise of his genius, principles already existing, but which had lain dormant. He created nothing new; he transformed them not into new creatures; but only roused and stimulated those principles which had animated the bosoms of nations in resisting tyranny in every age. But when the apostles went forth to preach faith in Christ, they enforced and demanded, if I may say so, a state of things of which there had been no instance: they proposed to make a change in the mind and heart of man to which there was no natural tendency; they required a creature 'dead in trespasses and sins' to awake to Christ; they proposed to convert him into a devoted servant, a subject most loyal, most affectionate, and ardent; and how was it possible that mere human art or force could effect such changes as these?

"It is worthy of observation, that those who have had the greatest success in preaching the Gospel in heathen nations, as well as in Christian lands, have ever been the most deeply convinced of this important truth; a truth they enforced in every stage of the progress of the Gospel, and which, instead of producing discouragement, only awakened greater ardour: their strength appeared only to lie in an implicit confidence in Him whose energy is all-sufficient, and who has so fully declared His willingness to exert it. Thus Brainard and Schwartz and Eliot [and Wesley and the

men was manifestly the "ministration of the Spirit;" and in deep humiliation, but assured confidence, their constant language was, "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves; *but our sufficiency is of God.*" They were well read in the Scriptures, and experienced in the deep things of God. In every congregation and in every house they could say, "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes and our hands have handled, of the *Word of Life*, declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ."

Such was the divine, the internal, the experimental, the practical religion exemplified and taught by the early preachers of Canadian Methodism, and maintained by their successors. Yet, by those who were strangers to its power, it was scoffed at and ridiculed, and often persecuted. Mr. Wesley himself says—"This repentance, this faith; this peace, joy, love; this change from glory to glory, is what the wisdom of this world has voted to be madness —mere enthusiasm, utter distraction. But thou, oh man of God, regard them not; be thou moved by none of those things. Thou knowest in whom thou hast believed. See that no man take thy crown. Whereunto thou hast already attained, hold fast, and follow, till thou attain all the great and precious promises." *

first Methodist preachers in Canada], and those in every age who have had the greatest success in turning men to righteousness, have been the first to declare that they were nothing. They, of all men, most ardently implored, and most entirely depended upon, the agency we are contemplating; and their success appears to have been more in their earnest solicitude in seeking this blessing, *this Divine agency*, than to any other cause whatever.

"Those who do not believe there is any agency of the Spirit of God, are so conscious that nothing else can produce the desired effect, that they do not venture into the field; but while they despair of the conversion of men, deal out scorn upon such as are engaged in the work."—Sermon on *The Success of Missions depends upon the Spirit.* Works, Vol. III., pp. 402—404.

* Sermon on *The Way to the Kingdom.* In another place, in reply to the accusation, "You drive people out of their senses; you make them mad," Mr. Wesley says: "And first, I grant it is my earnest desire to drive all the world into what you probably call madness (I mean inward religion); to make them just as mad as Paul when he was so accounted by Festus." "I grant, secondly, it is my endeavour to drive all I can into

Among those who maintained this ceaseless warfare against Methodism, as "madness, mere enthusiasm, and utter distraction," many of the clergy and some of the laity of the Church of England, both in England and Canada, occupied a conspicuous place, —aided indeed by some clergy and laymen of other religious persuasions, but much mitigated of late years; yet in no formularies of any Church are more fully recognized and especially stated the distinctive doctrines taught by the Methodist preachers of Canada than in the Articles, Liturgy, and Homilies of the Church of England.

In regard to *repentance*, in the *General Confession* we acknowledge that "we are miserable offenders," and that "there is no health in us"—indicating a heartfelt sense of guilt, of depravity, of helplessness. In the *Communion Service* we declare that "the remembrance of our sins is grievous unto us, and the burden of them is intolerable;" and in the *Office for the Sick* we pray, "Make us *know* and *feel* that there is no other name than that of Jesus whereby we must be saved." Passages, almost without number, to the same effect could be selected from the *Liturgy* as well as from the *Homilies*, which are declared in the 35th Article of the Church of England to contain wholesome and godly doctrine, such as should be read in the churches. In the Homily on *Fasting* we have the following words:

"When men feel in themselves the heavy burden of sin, see damnation to be the reward of it, and behold with the eyes of the mind the horror of hell, they tremble, they quake, and are inwardly touched with sorrowfulness of heart, and cannot but accuse themselves, and open their grief unto Almighty God, and call upon Him for mercy. This being done seriously, their mind is so occupied, partly with sorrow and business, partly with earnest desire to be delivered from this danger of hell and damnation, that all desire of meat and drink is laid apart, and loathing of all worldly things and pleasures cometh in place. So that nothing thus liketh them more than to weep, to lament, to mourn, and in both words and behaviour of body to show themselves weary of life."

And this deep heartfelt repentance is everywhere represented

what you may term another species of madness, and which I term *repentance* or *conviction*."—*Further Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion.* Works, Vol. V., pp. 92, 93, Am. Ed.

as the *work of the Holy Spirit;* producing faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Thus, in the *Collect for Ash-Wednesday* we pray:

"Almighty God, who dost forgive the sins of them that are *penitent, create and make in us new and contrite hearts;* that we, *worthily lamenting our sins, and acknowledging our wretchedness,* may obtain of Thee perfect remission and forgiveness, through Jesus Christ our Lord." "He pardoneth and absolveth all them that *truly repent* and *unfeignedly believe* His holy gospel." And in the office for the *Visitation of the Sick,* the minister prays for the sick person as follows: "Give him [or her] *unfeigned repentance and steadfast faith,* that his [or her] sins may be blotted out." And in the *Homily on the Passion,* we have these expressive words: "When we *feel* the heavy burden of our sins pressing our souls with the fear of death, hell, and damnation, we must steadfastly behold Christ crucified with the eyes of our heart."

It will be seen by these passages from the *Homilies* and *Liturgy* of the Church of England (which might be indefinitely multiplied), that repentance and faith are not only the result of Divine influences, but *precede justification* or *pardon.*

But it is the doctrine of *justification by faith* and *the witness of it by the Holy Spirit* which has been the special object of opposition from various quarters, and especially certain clergy and members of the Church of England, who ought to have known better than to ridicule as "fanaticism" and "enthusiasm" the solemn verities of their own Church. But in this as well as in other doctrines the early Canadian preachers of Methodism were true to the principles and spirit of the Protestant Reformation—to those principles and to that spirit which commenced the career of Britain's greatness, and which have formed so vital an element in the formation of Canadian liberty and character. On no subject did the fathers and founders of the Protestant Reformation, and the greatest men who have succeeded them, more uniformly agree than on the supernatural character of the work of God in the soul of man, by which he experiences the pardon of sin, adoption into the Divine family, the witness of the Holy Spirit to his sonship with God, and his sanctification from the defilements of sin. Out of a multitude, we will adduce a few authorities.

In the *Second Homily on the Passion,* we have these words:

"The only instrument of salvation required on our part is faith; that is, a sure trust and confidence that God both hath and will forgive our sins, that He hath accepted us again into His favour for the merits of Christ's death and passion."

Again, in the first part of the *Homily on the Sacraments:* "Have a sure and constant faith not only that the death of Christ is available for all the world, but that it hath made a full and sufficient sacrifice *for thee*, a perfect cleansing of *thy* sins, so thou mayest say with the apostle, 'He loved *thee*, and gave himself for thee.' For this is to make Christ thine own, and to apply His merits to thyself."*

But on the internal work of the Holy Spirit renewing our hearts and witnessing our sonship with God, we have testimony equally explicit and very abundant.

The *Homily on Rogation Week* says: "If after contrition we feel our consciences at peace with God, through the remission of our sins, *it is God who worketh that great miracle in us;*" and then prays that "as this knowledge and feeling is not in ourselves, and that as by ourselves it is not possible to come by it, the Lord would give us grace to *know* these things, and *feel* them in our hearts."

Again, in the *Homily on the Resurrection* are these words: "He died to destroy the rule of the devil in us; and He rose again to send down His Holy Spirit to 'rule in our hearts.' We have the Holy Spirit in our hearts as a seal and pledge of our everlasting inheritance."

The *Homily on Certain Places of Scripture* says: "Good men feel inwardly the Holy Ghost influencing their hearts with the fear and love of God, and they are miserable wretches who have no feeling of God in them at all."

The judicious Hooker says: "The Spirit which God giveth is to assure us that we are the sons of God, and to enable us to call Him our Father."

Calvin says: "Our mind, of itself, independently of the preceding testimony of the Spirit, could not produce this persuasion that we are the sons of God."

* The Roman Catholic Council of Trent says, in the 12th Canon: "If any man shall say that justifying faith is nothing else than confidence in the Divine mercy, remitting sins for Christ's sake, and this confidence i that alone by which we are justified, let him be accursed."

Witsius on the Creed testifies: "There is a certain instinct immediately assuring God's beloved people of their adoption."

Bishop Hooper says: "Blessed is that man in whose heart God's Spirit beareth record that he is the son of God."

And says Bishop Brownrig: "It is one great office of the Holy Spirit to ratify and seal to us the forgiveness of sins."

Out of a score, we will limit ourselves to four other witnesses.

Archbishop Usher says: "From adoption flows all Christian joy: for the spirit of adoption is, first, a witness; second, a seal; third, the pledge and earnest of our inheritance, setting a holy, security upon the soul, whereby it rejoiceth, even in affliction, in the hope of glory."

Bishop Pearson on the Creed, recognized and used in all the Theological Colleges of the Episcopal Church, of the Methodist Church, and of some other Protestant Churches, Bishop Pearson says:—

"Fifthly—It is the office of the Holy Ghost to assure us of the adoption of sons, to create within us a sense of the paternal love of God towards us, and to give us an earnest of our everlasting inheritance: Rom. v. 5; viii. 14; Gal. iv. 6; Rom. viii. 15, 16. As, therefore, we are born again by the Spirit, and receive from Him our regeneration, so we are also assured by the same Spirit of our adoption."

The famous Dr. Isaac Barrow is very explicit, as well as edifying on this subject He says:

"It is also a notable part of the Holy Spirit's office to comfort and sustain us in all our religious practice; so particularly in our doubts, difficulties, distresses and afflictions; to beget joy, peace and satisfaction in us, in all our performances, and in all our sufferings; whence the title of Comforter belongeth unto Him. It is also another part of the Spirit's work to assure us of God's gracious love and favour, and that we are His children;—confirming in us the hopes of our everlasting inheritance."

There is another office of the Holy Spirit's work which has not been noticed—that of *sanctification*—which is well expressed in the following words of the Homily on Whit-Sunday, part first:

"It is the office of the Holy Ghost to sanctify; which the more it is hid from the understanding" (that is, the more

particular manner of His working), "the more it ought to move all men to wonder at the secret and mighty workings of God's Holy Spirit which is within us. For it is the Holy Spirit that doth *quicken* the minds of men, *stirring up godly motives* in their hearts. Neither doth He think it sufficient inwardly to evoke the new birth of man, unless He do also dwell and abide in him. 'Know ye not,' saith St. Paul, 'that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, which is in you?' Again he saith, 'Ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit.' For why? 'The Spirit of God dwelleth in you.' To this agreeth St. John, 'The anointing which ye have received' (he meaneth the Holy Ghost, 'abideth in you,' 1 John ii. 27. And St. Peter saith the same: 'The Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you.' O what comfort is this to the heart of a true Christian, to think that the Holy Ghost dwelleth in him! 'If God be with us,' as the Apostle saith, 'who can be against us?' He giveth patience and joyfulness of heart, in temptation and affliction, and is therefore worthily called 'the Comforter,' John xiv. 16. He doth instruct the hearts of the simple in the knowledge of God and His Word; therefore He is justly termed 'the Spirit of Truth,' xvi. 13. And where the Holy Ghost doth instruct and teach, there is no delay in learning." *

* It may be proper to subjoin Mr. Wesley's own definition of the Witness of the Spirit, especially as it is in entire harmony with the doctrine of the Protestant Reformers above quoted, as well as with the Holy Scriptures. Mr. Wesley says:

"By the testimony of the Spirit I mean an inward impression on the soul, whereby the Spirit of God immediately and directly witnesses to my spirit that I am a child of God; that Jesus Christ hath loved me, and given Himself for me; that all my sins are blotted out, and I, even I, am reconciled to God." "Meantime, let it be observed, I do not mean hereby that the Spirit of God testifies this by any outward voice, although He may do this sometimes. Neither do I suppose that He always applies to the heart (though He often may) one or more texts of Scripture. But He so works upon the soul by His immediate influence, and by a strange though inexplicable operation, that the stormy wind and troubled waves subside, and there is a sweet calm; the head resting as in the arms of Jesus, and the sinner being clearly satisfied that 'God is reconciled,' that all his 'iniquities are forgiven, and his sins covered.'"

"That the testimony of the Spirit of God must, in the very nature of things, be antecedent to the testimony of our own spirit, may appear from

In all these extracts from the authoritative expositions of the original principles of Protestantism and of the true doctrines of the Church of England, there is not a word of "sacramental salvation," either by baptism or the Lord's Supper, much less by millinery costumes, genuflexions, and external ceremonies. The founders of Protestantism were too wise to substitute the outward for the inward in religion; they were too enlightened and too well taught by the Holy Spirit to sink the greatness of God down to the littleness of dramatic gesticulations, and the mighty energy of faith in the crucified Saviour, which is the power of God unto salvation, to the mutterings of semi-papal penances and the merits of human self-denials. Nothing of the kind was thought of, much less practised, in the days when the resurrection power of Scriptural truth raised England from its previous mental and spiritual debasement, and the Word of God became the infallible medium, and the Spirit of God the supreme agent of communication between God and man, and the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ the only foundation of reconciliation and acceptance with God. Wesley was the true reviver and witness of the primary and fundamental principles of the Protestant Reformation; and his successors in Canada, as well as throughout America, have proved noble, and often martyr, witnesses and preachers of the same doctrines—constituting as they do the *supernatural character* of the system of truth which they have taught with a success not equalled since the days of the apostles.

It is a source of pleasure and of gratitude to believe and state that among the leading denominations of Protestants at the present day, the different classes of Presbyterians, Baptists, Congrega-

this consideration: We must be holy in heart and life before we can be conscious that we are so. But we must love God before we can be holy at all, this being the root of all holiness. Now, we cannot love God till we know He first loved us: 'We love Him because He first loved us,' and we cannot know His love to us till His Spirit witnesses it to our spirit. Till then we cannot believe it; we cannot say, 'The life which I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me.'

"Then, only then we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
Thou art my Lord, my God."

tionalists and Methodists recognize and preach the same doctrines of vital and experimental religion; and that a large and increasing number of the clergy of the Church of England proclaim the same faith as it is in Jesus; but it is lamentable to be obliged to confess that there is still a clerical *residuum* in that Church who, though superciliously pretentious, appear to be ignorant of, or at least to deny, the vital articles and liturgical offices of their own Church, though ostentatiously pretending to be the exclusive successors of the apostles! They frequently make their way into Methodist families and seek to disparage their ministry and subvert their faith in the doctrines of their fathers.

The above extracts from the Articles, Liturgy, Homilies, and great divines of the Church of England, will be the best answer on the part of Methodist families to these ritualistic interlopers; and for their further refutation, and instruction, if they be susceptible of it, we quote the following words of Bishop Jeremy Taylor, from a discourse entitled "*Via Intelligentiæ*, showing how the scholars of the University shall become most learned and most useful:"

"There is in every righteous man a new vital principle. The Spirit of Grace is the spirit of wisdom, and teaches us by secret inspirations, by proper arguments, by actual persuasions, by personal applications, by effects and energies; and as the soul of man is the cause of all his vital operations, so is the Spirit of God the life of that life, and cause of all spiritual actions and productions." "Unless the soul have a new life put into it—unless there be a vital principle within—unless the Spirit of life be the informer of the spirit of man, the Word of God will be as dead in the operation as the body in its powers and possibilities. God's Spirit does not destroy reason, but heightens it. God opens the heart and creates a new one; and without this creation, this new principle of life, we may hear the Word of God, but we can never understand it; we hear the sound, but are never the better."

Having thus treated of the *supernatural character* of Methodism, the subject of the next Essay will be the *Phenomena and Philosophy of Methodist Revivals.*

THE EARTH'S YOUTH.

BY S. H. JANES, M.A.

I.

In a previous paper* it was affirmed, that the history of a planet is susceptible of certain grand divisions corresponding to the four natural periods in the life of man—viz., infancy, youth, maturity, and old age. In either case it may be impossible to mark the exact time where one period ends and another begins. Nevertheless, each has its own well-defined characteristics. The appearance of Living Organisms was a memorable event in our world's history. It stands out boldly in the dim vista of the past as a landmark that cannot be mistaken, and indicates a mighty advance in the progress of development. Though we may be unable to fix the exact date of its occurrence, it may fairly be said to mark the transition from infancy to youth. The advent of Man with Mind was another event of even greater significance, and may be set down as the dividing line between youth and maturity. In the period of infancy, we witness the reign of the Inorganic; in youth, the Organic; and in maturity, Mind or Will, which is the supreme force in nature.

By what process organic life was introduced—whether by special creation, or by a sort of evolution from the inorganic by virtue of properties inherent in matter itself—is a perplexing problem that we shall not here stop to consider. The Organic period is the one peculiarly belonging to the science of Geology. We can only study the rocks that are exposed to view, or that we can reach by cuttings or borings; and they furnish us with two entirely different sets of facts. The first is physical, and relates to the materials of which the rocks are composed, the methods in which these materials have been arranged, and the causes which have resulted in these arrangements. A limited consideration of these points and of the operations now going on about us leads to the conclusion, which is confirmed by a more extended and careful research, that no different forces acted in past time from those now acting, and that their methods were also the same. As now,

* "The Earth's Infancy," Vol. VIII., p. 442.

so in the olden time proceeded slowly, but surely, the process of wearing down of old rocks and land surfaces by climatic agencies, such as wind, rain, running water, ice, snow, and changes of temperature. The disintegrated materials, carried down to the sea, were again deposited by the water to form new strata. Rivers built up immense bars of sediment at their mouths, the wind drifted the sand into heaps, the sun dried muddy flats and produced the strange irregularity of shrinkage-cracks, the passing shower left the prints of its rain-drops, and the incoming tide traced out its wave and ripple-marks, as is now being done every day on the ocean's sandy beach. By a careful examination of the rocks, therefore, we are able for a given epoch of past time to define the coast-lines of the continents, the boundaries of inland lakes or seas, the beds of rivers, to infer whether the land was elevated or low, whether the sea was deep or shallow—in a word, we can know with some degree of certainty the *physical geography* of that epoch. This is the true province of Geology.

The traces of animal and vegetable life constitute the second series of facts which the study of the rocks brings before us. They are, in part, beds of graphite, ores, and coal; fossilized wood, bark, leaves, shells, bones, and skeletons; footprints of birds, reptiles, and quadrupeds, left on sand and mud, which were subsequently hardened into stone. Almost the entire series of rocks known to the geologist are filled with animal and vegetable remains. They are the vast charnel-house of the past life of our globe. By the noble science of Cuvier we are able often from a single bone to reconstruct in our imagination the entire animal, and can infer something of its habits. Geology, therefore, not only restores the past physical appearance of our earth, but rehabilitates it with an almost infinite variety of plants and animals.

This department—the past life of our globe—belongs to the science of Palæontology. It teaches that the dawn of life occurred about the time of the deposit of the oldest rocks known to us; that the first forms of life were of a very simple character; and that there was a gradual rising with advancing time and the perfecting of conditions from lower to higher types, culminating in man, the highest of all. This ascent is not by an unbroken plane, but by successive phases of progress, or series of culminations marked by the abundance, variety, and development

of certain races which are dominant for the time and give character to their age. After a period of regnancy, having served their purpose in the economy of nature, they gradually decline, and give place to other and higher forms. These changes are not brought about suddenly, but by slow degrees, and are spread over cycles of the vastness of which we in our ephemeral experience can form very little conception. The culmination of types are universal ideas which apply to the entire globe, and, therefore, serve to mark off geological time into convenient and distinct periods, much more accurately than could be done by confining our study to the various rock formations. According to this nomenclature, we have the Eozoic, or Dawn-life Time; the Palæozoic, or Ancient-life Time; the Mesozoic, or Middle-life Time; and the Kainozoic, or Near-life Time. These Times comprise Ages, as follows: Under the Eozoic, the Age of Protozoans; under the Palæozoic, the Age of Crustaceans, the Age of Molluscs, the Age of Fishes, and the Age of Batrachians, or, as it is more commonly called, the Carboniferous Age; under the Mesozoic, the Age of Reptiles; and under the Kainozoic, the Age of Mammals. Under these grand divisions each continent has its own special history of rock-making, of emergence and of submergence, of revolution and of rest, as well as of fossil remains. According to these indications each Age is divided into Periods, and these again into Epochs, which are, however, more or less local in their application.

The organic period of the earth's history covers many millions of years—how many, it is difficult to guess. Sir Charles Lyell estimated it at 240 millions; Mr. Darwin and his school make it much longer; while Sir W. Thomson, Professor Tait, Mr. James Croll, and others, set it down at considerably less. All, however, agree in contemplating it as of vast duration. The amount of knowledge already gathered about this enormous period would fill a library. All we can hope to do here is to call up in a sort of panoramic view some of the more general characteristics of the physical conditions and of the different kinds of animals and plants of each age in the order of their succession.

It must not be forgotten that the records which the rocks give us are more or less imperfect, and are so from a variety of reasons. Many strata have been partly, and in some cases doubtless entirely worn away by denudation, and their materials worked

over into new deposits of a subsequent age. There are evidences which lead us to conclude that there were vast intervals of time of which we have no special history. Of all the varied forms of marine life, comparatively few have been preserved as fossils. It is only casts and hard substances, such as bones, shells, and scales, that can be preserved, and these only under certain favourable conditions. The entire fossils of the rocks, therefore, would only represent a fraction of the past marine life of our globe. Of land areas we know but little. The same may be said of terrestrial life, for comparatively few of the objects living on the land ever reached the sea to be entombed in its sediments. Besides these considerations, the geologist has only stumbled on comparatively few of the relics actually existing in the rocks. It is, indeed, a matter of surprise, and constitutes one of the many triumphs of modern science, that from such scattered and fragmentary records so much is really known of our earth's past history.

The oldest formation exposed to view is the Laurentian. It runs in a south-westward direction from Labrador along the north shore of the St. Lawrence river; and, turning a sharp angle to the north-westward, it skirts in a wide band the north shores of Lakes Huron and Superior, and far away into the Great Lone Land. South there are a few isolated exposures, lying in the direction of, or parallel to, the prolongation of the two great arms. The principal one of these spreads over a considerable area in north-eastern New York. Rocks believed to belong to this formation have been recognised in Norway and Sweden, in Bohemia, in the Hebrides, and in Wales; and probably will be discovered elsewhere, as they no doubt underlie all subsequent strata.

These rocks are stratified, from which fact we know that they were deposited by water. The entire series has undergone convulsions of the most violent character, so that its strata are folded and crumpled in a most remarkable manner, until little, if any, remain as they were originally laid down. They also appear to have been subjected to enormous heat; as they have been fused and baked till sandstone, gravel and clays have become gneiss; mica, schist; hornblende, schist; and quartz and calcareous substances have become feldspars. The late Sir W. E. Logan estimated their maximum thickness at 30,000 feet. He divided them into two groups, the Lower and the Upper. The latter rests

unconformably on the former, by which is meant that the one does not follow the other in regular succession. After the Lower group was deposited, it was elevated above the water, and thrown into gigantic folds. The emergence lasted long enough for climatic agencies to wear down the rocky wave-crests, and otherwise to produce extensive erosions. Submergence again took place, and the Upper group was deposited on the truncated edges of the Lower. These were undoubtedly slow operations. Allowing that they were far more rapid than similar processes within human experience, yet the mind fails to form any adequate conception of the enormous length of time necessary for water to deposit sediment to the thickness of six miles; and to this must be added the time needed to produce such extensive erosions during the interval of exposure above the sea.

That portion of the earth's history preceding organic life has been called, as the name signifies, the Azoic Age. It has been a question of much dispute where this age really ends. Many geologists have included in it the entire Laurentian series, which, they contend, furnishes us with no evidences of life whatever. It has been said that we must look for the dawn of life in the succeeding, or Cambrian period. By a more careful study of Laurentian rocks, however, it is found that they do furnish us with very strong evidence that there was life upon the earth during the time of their formation. It must be admitted, in the outset, that their metamorphosed condition would tend to the destruction of organic relics, so that we must look for other indications than actual fossils. Professor Dana gives three reasons in favour of life of some kind during this period: 1. The vast accumulation of limestone, which, in later time, is known to be made from organic remains. 2. The accumulation of graphite or blacklead, which is known to be a result of the exposure of mineral coal or charcoal to a high heat. 3. The occurrence of small pieces of anthracite.

Dr. T. Sterry Hunt contends that the existence of extensive beds of iron-ore argues in favour of the same view. Iron is one of the most widely diffused of elements. All soils, all plants, and many rocks contain it, and it is an important constituent of our blood. He argues, that it was by the chemical processes incident on the decay of organic matter that the iron was separated and collected into beds.

Principal Dawson claims to have discovered one well-marked animal fossil, to which he has given the name of *Eozoon Canadense*, or "Dawn-animal." "It seems," he says, "to have been a sessile creature, resting on the bottom of the sea, and covering its gelatinous body with a thin crust of carbonate of lime or limestone, adding to this as it grew in size crust after crust attached to each other by numerous partitions, and peforated with pores for the emission of gelatinous filaments. This continuous growth of gelatinous animal matter and carbonate of lime went on age after age, accumulating great beds of limestone." All this evidence, and much more that might be adduced, seems to establish that the Azoic Age must be pushed back beyond the Laurentian series. The long period covered by Laurentian rocks, it would seem, must constitute an independent age in geological history, and to it has been assigned the name of Eozoic, as affording the first traces of life.

It is interesting to inquire whether the first reign of life was vegetable or animal. Certainly all science would lead us from *a priori* reasoning to conclude that it was vegetable. Plants are simpler in their organism. According to the principle of progressive development, we would, therefore, suppose that they preceded animals. Vegetable matter is necessary to the accumulation of soil, and to the furnishing of food for animals. In a cooling globe a temperature suitable to vegetable life would be reached long before that fitted to sustain animal life. The vast quantities of carbonic acid in the atmosphere at an early time would favour the one, and would be detrimental to the other. Again, arguments furnished by the observed facts are scarcely less conclusive. Graphite and anthracite indicate vegetable life, if any at all. It is well known that some plants, as well as animals, make strata of limestone. Iron-ore is more likely to come from the decomposition of vegetable matter. May we not, therefore, conclude that the earliest life of our globe belonged to the vegetable kingdom? Its first forms were probably unicellular species of seaweeds in the water, and on the land fungi, mosses, lichens, etc., or they may have been of species entirely unknown to us. We are of opinion that the vegetable life of the Eozoic was very abundant, and of an exceedingly luxuriant growth. We base this view on the abundance of plant indications, if, indeed, these indications have been rightly interpreted. The conditions of those early

times, we conceive, were exceedingly favourable to produce a rank vegetation. The land and water was still warmed by internal heat. The atmosphere was exceedingly moist, and laden with carbonic acid—exactly the kind of food plants require. The sun himself was hidden behind a thick veil of cloud, through which he shed his rays of light and heat in mild radiance on land and sea. The gases of the atmosphere and the clouds furnished a sort of superficial covering which prevented the ready radiation of heat, and produced a state of things analogous to those we artificially create by our hot-houses. Again, we find that during subsequent ages the different species of animals attained to their most gigantic proportions and most abundant development when they occupied the summit of the scale of life. Analogy would lead us to infer that when plants crowned the summit of creation, they also attained their most abundant development. The Eozoic was pre-eminently, we believe, a plant age—when the earth was clothed with grass, herb, and tree; and when the various species, though of simple organism, reached by rapid growth to gigantic proportions. It may be, indeed, that the beginning of plant life dates much farther back than any rocks now exposed to view. But, as yet, there was no sound of bird, beast, or insect, and no fish to plough the waters of the ocean. There was abundance of food, but no animals to utilize it. This early vegetation, however, served important ends. Besides aiding in the separation of metals and in the collection of them for the future use of man, it tended to clear the atmosphere of noxious gases, and thus to prepare the way for animal life.

Some time during the age, we know, from Principal Dawson's discovery, animal life did make its appearance, and that it was of the simplest possible character. The *Eozoon Canadense* is referred to the lowest division of the animal kingdom, called Protozoa. The animals belonging to this group are mostly microscopic. Their shells are composed of one or more cells, and, though many times smaller than the head of a pin, have contributed largely to the formation of limestone strata, as they are even now doing at the bottom of the sea. Of living specimens, each cell of the shells is tenanted by a distinct animal, of an albuminous nature, and apparently, structureless, having no mouth, stomach, or members. It projects at will slender processes of its own substance through the pores of the shell, and these are the agents by which

the animal obtains its food. The Eozoon is of special interest as being a gigantic representative of its class, as well as being the first specimen of animal life which Geology reveals to us.

Between the Eozoic, or Age of Protozoa, and the Cambrian, or Age of Crustaceans, a great gap exists, undoubtedly representing a vast lapse of time, during which the earth was the scene of mighty convulsions. The old rocks were raised above the sea, and tossed into all sorts of angles, and metamorphosed. Great thicknesses of strata were worn down by climatic agencies, deep indentations were made, and great hollows scooped out. Then commenced the deposit of the Cambrian beds which have their outcrop along the borders of the old Laurentian. They are composed of sandstones, shales, conglomerates, and a few limestones; and are considerably altered from their original condition.

The early part of the age exhibits great paucity of life, but later the strata are crowded with animal relics. All the great classes of the animal kingdom except vertebrates are represented. Many species are of a comprehensive type, embodying in one animal characteristics that subsequently belong to different animals. Nor are the first specimens of a class generally of a low order of that class. After a type is introduced, there is an expansion to higher and a degeneracy to lower forms. There is first the general, and then the more specific. Some races attain their maximum development almost on their first appearance; others culminate more slowly, and then gradually decline. Some continue almost unchanged to the present time, while others have long since passed away.

The lowest group of animals, Protozoa, believed to have been very abundant during the previous age, are here but poorly represented. Of this class there are some curious sorts of sponges, which seem to have been rooted to the muddy bottoms of deep seas. The group Radiata, including such animals as have a radiated structure, is represented by a few forms of sea-lilies and star-fishes. Annelida, or ringed worms, appear to have been very plentiful. Being soft bodied, we do not find them in a fossil condition, but their existence is none the less certain, from the multitude of their burrows, casts, and trail marks. The most abundant life of the time, however, belonged to the class of Crustacea, under the great group, Articulata, which includes such animals

as consist of a series of joints or segments having the viscera and nervous cord in the same general cavity, and no internal skeleton ; and of which insects, crabs, and centipedes are familiar specimens. There have been about 1,000 different species of life catalogued, and of these no less than 450 are Crustaceans. When we consider the great number of species, the high order of their development, as well as the prolific abundance of individuals, we are justified in calling this the Age of Crustaceans.

By far the largest number of species belonged to the remarkable and now wholly extinct family of Trilobites. The seas literally swarmed with these creatures—some microscopic, others a foot or more in length. They have many points of resemblance to our modern king-crabs. The upper surface of the body was covered by a strong shell or crust, divided into three longitudinal lobes, from which circumstance they get their name. The shell also is divided into three transverse sections, the first of which is a sort of semi-circular shield or buckler, and covers the head ; the second is composed of movable rings, and covers the trunk ; and the third is a small shield covering the tail. The head is provided with prominent eyes, composed of compound lenses. They undoubtedly had little flat legs with which they swam through the water or crawled over the mud, into which they probably burrowed for their food. If attacked by an enemy, they could roll themselves into a ball. The family of Trilobites is of peculiar interest to the palæontologist. They seem to have sprung suddenly into being, and at once to have exhibited their highest and lowest forms. Though apparently well adapted to the conditions of existence which still continue in the sea, they scarcely survived with many vicissitudes and diminished numbers till the Carboniferous age, and then wholly died out. We have at the present day absolutely no animals which can be considered as their direct representatives.

The remaining fossils deserving of note belong to the great group Mollusca, destined to almost infinite expansion during future ages, and whose bivalve and univalve shells often exhibit marvellous diversity and beauty of shape and colouring. Their essential characteristics are a soft, fleshy bag, containing the stomach and viscera, without a radiated structure, and without articulations. The oyster and snail are familiar examples. It is a remarkable fact that the Cambriam age furnishes us with

neither the lowest or highest members of the group. Its most abundant species is the Lingula, whose little bivalve shells, about the size of a finger-nail, compose almost half of the material of some beds in England, Wales, and New Brunswick, from which circumstance they are called Lingula Flags. These little creatures afford a remarkable instance of the persistence of type, having continued without change from almost the dawn of life to the present time. They anchor themselves by fleshy peduncles to the sand or mud, and collect their food from the minute animals and plants floating in the surrounding water.

Our knowledge of Cambrian vegetation is confined to a few indistinct relics of sea-weeds. Doubtless there were areas of dry land, but no traces of them have come down to us, so it is not strange that we know nothing of terrestrial life.

From the Cambrian we pass into the great Silurian age, during which Mollusca was destined to become the dominant type. That it was of vast duration cannot be doubted, as well from the great expansion of the various types of life as from the enormous accumulation of its strata, reaching a maximum of over four miles in thickness. The work of continent-making, which, during ages past, had proceeded slowly and to a great extent hidden beneath the waters, now begins to reveal itself in definite outline; and during the Silurian cycles much substantial progress was made. As we have before said, the first wrinkles of the earth's crust were probably in the direction of great circles, tangent to the polar circles. In North America, these lines formed the prolongation of the two great arms of the Laurentian series, and constituted the base of the Rocky Mountains on the west, and the Appalachians on the east. These submarine ridges, with the Laurentian outcrop on the north, formed the framework of our continent. To the east and to the west were the great basins, though probably not so deep as now, where rolled the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It will be seen at a glance, that this continental framework would determine then, as our continent does now, the direction of the great oceanic currents. The cold waters of the north would flow southwards in strong undercurrents along the borders of the Laurentian outcrop and the submarine ridges, while the warm waters of the tropics would flow northwards in broad surface currents. The great currents from the north brought down vast quantities of sedi-

ment which was deposited mainly along the lines of the ridges, gradually thinning out on either side as deeper water was approached. The vast triangular area between the submarine ridges on the east and west and the Laurentian land on the north, now constituting the greater part of the United States, was a shallow oceanic plateau, communicating at the south with the warm waters of the tropics. It was in this great plateau of warm and sheltered ocean that the abundant forms of Silurian life found a genial home, and whose remains were built up into vast strata of limestone. At the beginning of the age, the St. Lawrence gulf of deep water was of vast extent, covering a considerable region about Ottawa and far down into Vermont. The St. Lawrence river was a short strait, dividing the Laurentian area of dry land of eastern New York from the main body in Canada, and connecting the St. Lawrence gulf with the interior oceanic plateau. In Europe, a somewhat similar condition of things existed. There was a broad submarine ridge along its western border, within which there was a sheltered oceanic plateau. Along the line of this ridge there was as much as 20,000 feet of sediment deposited, gradually thinning out to 1,000 feet in Russia. In both Europe and America there were many oscillations of the earth's crust; sometimes being more deeply submerged, when the deep clear waters were tenanted by vast armies of corals, crinoids, and shell-fishes; and again rising to or near the surface, and receiving deposits of sand, gravel, and mud. That there were many shallow waters, exposed beaches and marshy flats, is further proved by the absence, in some deposits, of marine life, and the presence of ripple marks, rain-drops, and mud-cracks. There were occasional areas of salt water, shut off by bars of sand from the open sea, where the sun evaporated the water, leaving deposits of salt. During the latter part of the age, there were scattered islands of coral-reefs in the north-eastern part of America and in north-western Europe. There were occasional volcanic outbursts, which were doubtless caused by the enormous accumulation of sediment weighing down the mother-crust. That there was this gradual sinking, as well as the many wave-like oscillations, is evident, for in the Appalachian region, for example, the water could at no time have been of any great depth, and yet there was an accumulation

of from 12,000 to 15,000 feet, proving that there was a submergence of about this amount.

The geographical results of the Silurian age, so far as North America is concerned, was the gradual building up of the entire continent by widespread accumulations of limestone, sand, and clays. The Laurentian area of dry land was extended southwards to a line running east and west through the centre of New York, crossing the Niagara river above the falls, and running northwestwards through Ontario; west of Lake Michigan, from a point south of Chicago, it ran in a north-westerly direction. It was also extended over a considerable portion of the ancient St. Lawrence gulf, narrowing those waters to pretty nearly their present outline. There was also a strip of permanent land made along the Appalachian district, and in a few other localities.

From the great number of fossils found in Silurian rocks, we know that the seas were abundantly furnished with living denizens. There was a vast expansion of the various types of the former time. As many as 9,000 species have been catalogued, whereas only 1,000 are known to have lived in Cambrian seas. From time to time there was widespread destruction of life, many species often wholly disappearing. These exterminations, though sometimes sudden, were doubtless generally gradual processes, caused by changes of physical conditions, such as the sinking of the sea-bottom to great depths, or its elevation to shallow and muddy flats. The exterminated species would soon be replaced by others suited to the new order of things.

All the great groups of invertebrates were well represented. Among Protozoans we find a number of undoubted sponges. Corals, almost unknown in the preceding age, became very abundant, and were represented by a great variety of species. Some lived solitary and detached, while others were aggregated in communities. Some were large, while others were microscopic in size. The stony skeletons of some were delicate and branching, while others were rounded and massive. One species built up solitary stalks like the trunk of a tree twenty feet or more in height, with the little animals at the top. This class must have flourished in deep water, where they would be undisturbed by the swell of the sea. All were engaged in secreting carbonate of lime, and building up vast strata of limestone. Sea-urchins and star-fishes were plentiful, while their near neighbours,

sea-lilies or crinoids, were so abundant that some limestones are largely composed of the fragments of their stony columns. A typical crinoid was fastened permanently to the bottom of the sea by a stalk often several feet in length, and composed of separate plates joined together, so as to allow of a slight swaying motion. The pear-shaped animal at the top was covered by closely-fitting calcareous plates. Around the margin of the upper surface of the body were a number of jointed arms, generally five, which were often subdivided once or twice, presenting the appearance of a crown of delicate feathery plumes.

Among Crustaceans, Trilobites were still plentiful, though there was a great diminution of generic types. This ancient dynasty already begins to show signs of decadence, many old forms having entirely died out.

Molluscs, by the great abundance of individuals, as well as of species and the high order of the species, have given to the age their name, as being the dominant type of life. Their bivalve and univalve shells present many beautiful forms, and some were even delicately coloured. The group represented by our modern cuttle-fishes had its birth in the Lower Silurian, and attained to some of its grandest forms. The Nautilus possessed a well-developed external shell, beautifully coiled, and divided into a series of air-tight chambers. The animal lived in the last formed and largest chamber, retracting to the front and shutting off new chambers as it grew in size. A tube traversed the chambers, by means of which the animal could withdraw and inject a gaseous secretion, and thus rise or sink in the water. "Thus practically delivered from the encumbrance of weight, and furnished with long flexible arms provided with suckers, with great eyes and a horny beak, the nautilus became one of the tyrants of the deep, creeping on the bottom or swimming on the surface at will; and everywhere preying on whatever animals it can master." Another species had the shell straightened out, and sometimes as much as twelve feet in length. These are supposed to have been the most powerful and predaceous of Silurian life. It is interesting to note, that these and others of the highest Molluscs developed those characteristics which peculiarly belong to vertebrates, such as perfect organs of sight, hearing, and touch, great size and strength, and powerful arms for prehension.

Just as the great Silurian age was passing away, we come upon

an entirely new type of life called Vertebrata, destined for ever after to rule the world and to culminate in man himself. Its essential charateristics are a jointed internal skeleton and a bony sheathed cavity along the back containing the great nervous cord. The first representatives of the new type were Fishes, which constitute its lowest subdivision. They belonged to two distinct classes, represented by our gar-pikes and sharks, which are not only the highest forms of fishes known to us at the present day, but these first specimens were of high order in their respective classes. We have to wait for many geological ages before we meet with the order of fishes, to which ninety-nine per cent. of living species belong. We have here a seriously awkward fact for the evolutionist. Nature has apparently taken a step forward in advance of her time. We repeat, not only were these first fishes widely separated in their structural characteristics from all other forms of life, but they still occupy the very summit in the scale of fish-organization. The Silurian pikes had the head covered with a shield, very similar to Trilobites, whom they no doubt resembled in their habits, but not, as some have supposed, in internal structure. They burrowed in the mud for worms and shell-fishes, upon which they depended for their food. The shark-like forms were provided with strong defensive spines, and were probably active and predaceous.

Our knowledge of land vegetation is still very meagre. During the latter part of the age, however, we meet for the first time relics of terrestrial plants about which there can be no dispute. They are club-mosses and pine-like trees.

In three brief papers, we have attempted to describe but a few of the Himalaya peaks of the history of world-making dimly seen through the mists of vast antiquity, and yet we have learned enough, if we knew nothing of the subsequent history, to teach us that there was and is in creation a definite plan or law of progress. In the endless chain of events in the inorganic we are able to discern the working of such "natural causes" as are familiar to us, building up, pulling down, and again rebuilding. Periods of rest, or, more properly, of quiet and prosperous activity, are followed by epochs of wonderful revolution, when, as in human history, it would seem that all the noble results of the former time are to be utterly destroyed, and the world to be set back generations in its onward and upward march. But the forces of

nature gather new strength, and out of these times of destruction there come periods of greater prosperity, when the building is on a more permanent basis, and of a superior workmanship. Thus, all these changes, during the eras of steady and quiet work, not less than those of turbulence and destruction, are along the line of a constant advancement to a higher and more perfect state.

So also of organic history. Low orders of life of definite plan or type are introduced, and, under favourable conditions, expand to higher and lower forms. By a gradual change of conditions, or by some sudden cataclysm of nature, there is widespread destruction, when some species disappear altogether. On a return to favourable conditions, old species again multiply and new ones are introduced. Some seem to result by variations from existing species, while others come suddenly on to the stage of being and appear to be widely separated from all previous forms. The gaps thus produced are to be subsequently filled up by various gradations, till, instead of the entire mass of life being composed of patches of widely different colours promiscuously scattered here and there, it becomes an harmonious whole, with one colour shading into another by such easy steps that it is almost impossible to draw the line of demarcation between the different types. Like the colours of the rainbow, while we know that there is the violet, the indigo, and the blue, we cannot tell where one ends and another begins—the organic world is such a blending of types, either by one directly succeeding its neighbour, or by the gradual filling up of the intermediate spaces in after time. Throughout, however, there runs a constant progress to higher ideals. If the world had grown no older than the Silurian, such a progressive plan of creation would have been abundantly evident. In the inorganic we can trace effect to its cause through the entire chain, but in the organic we cannot. That the plan or law of the latter was Evolution, as taught by some scientists, an abundant array of palæontological facts seems absolutely to contradict. Yet, we doubt not, it in some way provided for the introduction of new types without what is called "miraculous interference."

A house implies plan, forethought—an architect. Our estimate of the architect's skill depends on the completeness of his plan, and the forethought displayed in providing for every detail, before the building is commenced. The world and its teeming

millions plainly bespeak a plan. There must, therefore, have been a Planner, whom we recognize as the great All-wise One whose thoughts are perfection. His plan requires no after-thought, alterations, or additions. A house implies a builder not less than an architect, though the builder and the architect be one and the same. Inert matter has no power to move itself, much less to move itself into definite shape. We recognize behind the stone and the wood, as the motive power, a *living will.* This is the force which, with muscle, hammer, chisel, and saw, fashions each piece and places it in its proper position—which correlates the parts according to the plan, so that the result shall be a house, convenient and comfortable for habitation.

Not less do the world and its inhabitants imply a builder whom we believe to be the same Omnipotent Being who devised with such matchless skill the perfect plan of His great and beautiful temple. We are able to learn something of His method of procedure. In the inorganic, at least, we know He always acts through "secondary causes." These "natural causes" are but the tools with which the Divine Will moulds dead matter into forms of beauty and utility. We doubt not that in the organic He also acts through secondary causes. What they are—what is the plan, or method, or law of development, by which distinct and higher types of life are introduced, we believe has not yet been discovered. Science is but a youthful maiden, and has only entered the vestibule of the beautiful Temple of Knowledge, where, however, she beholds with bewildering delight many an amethyst, emerald, ruby, and sapphire. If she retain the virgin whiteness and simplicity of her garments, anxious only to see and to know the true, the beautiful, and the good, she may in due time be admitted into the inner sanctuary, where Nature may reveal to her delighted gaze the now hidden treasures of more than barbaric gold and pearl and priceless gems. "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

TORONTO, *Ont.*

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

—*Campbell*

BARBARA HECK.

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER IV. WAR CLOUDS—EXILE.

For some time before the death of Embury, the war clouds had been gathering which were to wrap the continent in a blaze. The dissatisfaction of the majority of the colonists with their condition of political vassalage was growing stronger and stronger.

In order to meet the heavy military expenditure of the colonies, the Home Government imposed a stamp duty on all legal documents. The colonists denied the right of the Imperial Parliament to impose taxes without their consent. The Stamp Act was repealed in a year, but the obnoxious principle of taxation without representation was maintained by a light duty on tea and some other articles.* The colonists refused the taxed commodities, and a party of men, disguised as Indians, threw into Boston harbour (December 16, 1773), the tea on board the East India vessels, amounting to three hundred and forty chests. Parliament, incensed at this "flat rebellion," closed the port of Boston, and, against the protest and warning of some of England's greatest statesmen, sent troops to enforce submission.

A Continental Congress was convened at Philadelphia (September, 1774), which petitioned the King, but in vain, for the continuance of the colonial liberties. The creation, by the Quebec Act (1774), of a great Northern province, whose government was administered by agents responsible only to the Crown, was regarded as fraught with peril to the interests of the older colonies. It was hoped that the dissatisfaction among the British population of Canada, and, perhaps, a desire on the part of the French to avenge the wrongs of the conquest, would induce not a few of the people of Canada to join the revolt against Great Britain. Circular letters were, therefore, sent to Canada and Nova Scotia, inviting the inhabitants to send delegates to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia.

*The duty on tea was threepence per pound—one-fourth of that paid in England.

Meanwhile, at Concord and Lexington (April 19, 1775), while Embury lay upon his death-bed, occurred the collision between the armed colonists and the soldiers of the King, which precipitated the War of Independence, and the loss to Great Britain of her American colonies. The bruits of war became louder and louder, and filled the whole land.

"Nay, dear heart," Embury had said to his faithful and loving wife, as she repeated the rumours of the outbreak which had reached the quiet valley in which they dwelt; "nay, dear heart; this is only some temporary tumult. The colonists will not wickedly rebel against his Majesty, God bless him, when every Sunday in all the churches they pray, 'From all sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion, good Lord deliver us!'"

But the loyal heart did not rightly interpret the signs of the times. The country was ripe for revolt. From the mountains of Vermont to the everglades of Georgia, a patriotic enthusiasm burst forth. A continental army was organized. General Gage was besieged in Boston. A small force was collected in Vermont for the capture of Fort Ticonderoga. On the night of May 9 it crossed Lake Champlain, and at dawn next morning eighty-three men surprised and captured, without a blow, the fort which had cost Great Britain eight millions sterling, two great campaigns, and a multitude of precious lives to win. Crown Point, with its slender garrison of twelve men, surrendered at the first summons, and thus the "gateway of Canada" was in the hands of the insurgent colonists. A few weeks later, at Bunker Hill (June 17, 1775), the colonial volunteers proved their ability to cope with the veteran troops of England. Five hundred of the former and a thousand of the latter lay dead or wounded on the fatal slope.

By this time, however, Philip Embury had passed away from the strifes and tumults of earth to the everlasting peace and beatitude of heaven. The loyal Palatines, whose forefathers had enjoyed a refuge from persecution under the British flag, would not share the revolt against the mother country of the American colonists. On the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, therefore, they maintained their allegiance to the old flag by removing to Lower Canada. It was not without a wrench of their heart-strings that they left the pleasant homes they had made,

and the grave of their departed religious teacher and guide, and set their faces once more resolutely toward the wilderness.

"Why not cast in your lot with us and fight for your rights and liberty?" asked one of their neighbours who had caught the fever of revolt.

"The service that we love is no bondage," spoke up brave-hearted Barbara Heck, "but truest liberty; and we have, under the dear old flag beneath which we were born, all the rights that we want—the right to worship God according to the dictates of our conscience, none daring to molest us or make us afraid."

"If fight we must," chimed in Paul Heck, although he was a man of unwarlike disposition, "we will fight for the old flag under which we have enjoyed peace and prosperity—the flag that may have known disaster, but never knew disgrace. Our fathers sought refuge beneath its folds, and we will not desert it now. My religion teaches me, as well as to fear God, to honour the King—to be a true and faithful subject of my earthly as well as of my heavenly sovereign."

For conscience' sake, therefore, this little band of loyal subjects left their fertile farms, their pleasant homes, their flocks and herds. They sold what they could, at great sacrifice, to their revolutionary neighbours, who, while they respected their character, were not averse to make gain out of what they regarded as their fanatical loyalty. When the wheat harvest had been reaped, the exiles, reserving sufficient for their maintenance during their journey, turned the rest into money for their future necessities.

Two rude-looking and unwieldy batteaux had been provided for the long journey over unknown waters to the King's loyal province of Canada. In it were placed some simple household gear—bedding and other necessities. Among the most precious articles of freight were Philip Embury's much-prized Concordance and Barbara Heck's old German Bible. A nest was made in the bedding for the five children of Paul and Barbara Heck—the oldest and youngest, bright-eyed girls, aged ten and two respectively, the others three sturdy boys—and for the young children of Mary Embury. The fair young widow sat in the stern to steer the little bark which bore the germs of Canadian Methodism, while the matronly Barbara cared for the children. Paul Heck took his place at the oar—aided by his friend, John Lawrence, a grave, God-fearing Methodist, who had been his

companion in travel from their dear old island home. In another boat were their fellow-voyagers, Peter Switzer and Joel Dulmage, with their wives and little ones. Several of their Palatine neighbours, who intended soon after to follow them, came down to the river side to see them off and wish them "God-speed."

"God will be our guide as He was the Guide of our fathers," said Paul Heck, reverently, as he knelt upon the thwarts and commended to His care both those who journeyed and those who, for the present, should remain.

"My heart feels strangely glad," said Barbara Heck, the light of faith burning in her eyes; "we are in the hollow of God's hand, and shall be kept as the apple of His eye. Naught can harm us while He is on our side."

The last farewells were spoken, the oars struck the water, the batteaux glided down the stream, the voices of the voyagers and of those upon the shore blending sweetly in the hymn :

"Our souls are in His mighty hand,
And He shall keep them still,
And you and I shall surely stand
With Him on Zion's hill.

"O what a joyful meeting there !
In robes of white arrayed ;
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our heads.

"Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through ;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view."

All day they glided down the winding stream, through scenes of sylvan loveliness. Towards sunset they caught a glimpse of the golden sheen of the beautiful South Bay, a narrow inlet of Lake Champlain, glowing in the light of the fading day like the sea of glass mingled with fire. They landed for the night on the site of the pleasant town of Whitehall, then a dense forest. A rude tent was erected among the trees for the women and children, and a simple booth of branches for the men. The camp-fire was built. The bacon frying in the pan soon sent forth its savoury odour, and the wheaten cakes were baked on the hot griddle. The

children, with shouts of merry glee, gathered wild raspberries in the woods. A little carefully-hoarded tea—a great luxury at the time—was steeped, and, that nothing might be lost, the leaves were afterwards eaten with bread. A hearty, happy meal was made; a hymn and prayer concluded the evening; and the same simple service began the morning, after a night of refreshing sleep.

The second day the batteaux stretched out into the placid bay, and, wafted by the soft south wind, skirted along the wooded shores. Sailing up the narrow channel, between lofty banks, the voyagers passed the still formidable forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, memorable for the bloody struggles of the war. Those steep slopes, only sixteen years before, had been gory with the best blood of England and France. But the ravelins and demilunes, the curtains and casemates, the ramparts and fosse of these fortresses, under the kindly ministries of nature, were clothed with softest verdure and sweetest wild flowers; and the exiles recked not of the bloody fray which had encarnadined the spot. So may the bitter memories of that fratricidal strife be buried for ever beneath the kindly growth of the gentle charities and sweet amenities of friendly intercourse.

Day after day the rude batteaux, impelled by oar and sail, glided up the broad and beautiful Lake Champlain. Its gently sloping shores were then almost a wilderness—with only here and there the solitary clearing of an adventurous pioneer. On the border-land between the possessions of French and English, it had been for over a hundred years the battle ground of the warfare of the rival races for the mastery of the continent. In the background rose the forest-mantled Adirondacks, which are, even to this day, the home of the lynx and wolf, the bear and catamount. The crystal tide over which they sailed was destined in after years to be ploughed by hostile keels and crimsoned by kindred blood shed in unhallowed strife.

All went well with the exiles till the afternoon of the third day. While in the widest part of the lake, wearily rowing in a dead calm, a sudden thunderstorm arose that for a time threatened them with no small peril. The day had been very sultry, with not a breath of air stirring. The burning sunlight was reflected from the steel-like surface of the water. The children were fretful with the heat and the oarsmen weary

with their toil. Presently a grateful coolness stole through the air, and a gentle breeze refreshed their frames and filled the swelling sails, and at the same time a cloud veiled the fervid beams of the sun.

"Thank God," said Barbara Heck, "for this change," and the children laughed with glee.

Presently, Paul Heck, who had been leisurely scanning the horizon, sprang up with a start.

"Down with your sail!" he shouted to his fellow-voyagers, Switzer and Dulmage, whose boat was not far off, pointing at the same time toward the western horizon, and then eagerly taking in and close-reefing his own sail. To a careless eye there was no sign of danger, but a closer observation revealed a white line of foam, advancing like a race-horse over the waves.

"Lawrence, take the helm! get her before the squall," he continued; and scarcely had the movement been accomplished when what seemed a hurricane smote their frail bark. The waters were lashed to foam. The rising waves raced alongside as if eager to overwhelm them. The air grew suddenly dark, the lurid lightning flashed, followed instantly by the loud roll of thunder and by a drenching torrent of rain.

"The Lord preserve us," exclaimed Lawrence, "I can scarcely keep her head before the wind; and if one of these waves strike us abeam it will shatter or overturn the batteau."

But Barbara Heck, unmoved by the rush of the storm, sate serene and calm, holding the youngest child in her arms, while the others nestled in terror at her feet. In the words of another storm-tossed voyager upon another boisterous sea seventeen hundred years before, she said quietly—

"Fear not; be of good cheer; there shall not a hair fall from the head of one of us."

Enhearted by her faith and courage, her husband toiled manfully to keep the frail batteau from falling into the trough of the sea. Lightly it rode the crested waves, and at last, after a strenuous struggle, both boats got under the lee of Isle-aux-Noix, and the voyagers gladly disembarked in a sheltered cove, their limbs cramped and stiffened by long crouching, in their water-soaked clothing, in the bottom of the boats. A bright fire was soon blazing, the wet clothes dried as fast as possible, and over a hearty

meal of bacon, bread and coffee, they gave thanks with glad hearts for their providential deliverance. The stormy lake sobbed itself to rest. Like the fury eye of a revengeful Cyclops, the sun set lurid in the west, a dark cloud shutting down upon it like a huge eyelid. But there in the east gleamed a glorious rainbow, spanning the heavens in a perfect arch, the seal of God's covenant with man, the presage of the happiness and prosperity of our storm-tossed voyagers.

At Isle-aux-Noix they found a British outpost, in a log block-house, the sole defenders of this gateway of Canada. They were guided by a corporal to the entrance of the Richelieu river, by which they sought the St. Lawrence and Montreal, the desired haven of their hopes. It was very pleasant gliding down the rapid river, between its forest-clad banks, now tinged with the glowing colours of the early autumn foliage. Along that placid stream, long known as the "River of the Iroquois," the cruel raids and forays of the French and English and their Indian allies for a hundred years were made. At the hamlet of Sorel, at its mouth, the red cross flag which the exiles loved so well waved over a stone fort, constructed by the French as a defence against the dreaded incursions of the Iroquois.

Here, although they received hospitable entertainment from the commandant of the little garrison, they made but slight delay. Embarking once more, they urged their batteaux up the stream of the majestic St. Lawrence, hugging the shore in order to avoid the strength of the current.

"I never thought there was so large a river in the world," said Mary Embury, as she scanned its broad expanse. "I believe it is twice as wide as the Hudson at New York."

"More like four times as wide," replied Paul Heck. "If it were not for its rapid current, one would hardly think it was a river at all."

The strength of this current made itself so strongly felt at times that the men had to walk along the shore dragging the boats by a rope, while the women assisted with the oar. This was especially the case at the St. Louis Rapids, just below Montreal.

It was with glad hearts that the weary voyagers beheld the forest-crowned height, the grassy ramparts, and the long stone wall along the river front of the mediæval-looking town. A red-

coated sentry paced up and down the rude landing-stage; and another mounted guard at the ponderous iron-studded wooden gate. Paul Heck and his wife and John Lawrence set out to find temporary lodgings, leaving the others to "keep the gear," or, as Barbara Heck phrased it, "to bide by the stuff."

The pioneer explorers entering the "water gate," first turned towards the long low line of barracks, for their hearts warmed toward the red coats, the visible sign of the sovereignty of that power for which they had sacrificed so much. Their first reception, however, was rather disheartening to their loyal enthusiam. In reply to Paul Heck's civil enquiry of an idle soldier who was lounging at the gate, if there were any Methodists in the town, the low-bred fellow replied—

"Methodies? wot's that, I'd like to knaw?"

The explanation that they were the followers of John Wesley did not throw any light on the subject.

"John Wesley? who was he? Oi niver heard of un. Zay, Ned, do 'ee knaw any Methodies hereabouts?"

"Methodies," replied the man addressed, pausing in his operation of pipe-claying his belt and bayonet-pouch. "Oh, ay! 'e means them rantin' Swaddlers, wot was in the King's Own in Flanders, d'ye mind? The strait-laced hypocrites! an honest soldier couldn't drain a jack, or win a main at cards, or kiss a lass, or curse a John Crapaud, but they'd drop down on 'im. Noa, ther beant noan on 'em 'ere, and wots more, us doant want noan on 'em naythe."

"Well, we're Methodists," spoke up Barbara Heck, never ashamed of her colours. "So take us to your Captain, please."

"What d'ye say? *You* are!" exclaimed the fellow, dropping both pipe-clay and belt. "Well, your a plucky un, I must say. But you're just like all the rest on 'em. Here, Geoffrey," he went on, calling to an orderly, who was grooming an officer's horse, "take the parson and 'is wife to the Captain."

"Taake 'em yoursen. Oi beant noan o' your servant," replied that irate individual.

The altercation was speedily interrupted by the presence of the officer himself, clattering down the stone steps, with his jangling spurs and clanging sword.

"Hello! what's the row with you fellows now? Beg pardon, madame," he continued, taking off his gold-laced cocked hat,

with the characteristic politeness of a British officer, to Barbara Heck. "Can I be of any service to you?"

"We have just arrived from the province of New York," replied Barbara, making an old-fashioned courtesy, "and we're seeking temporary lodgings in the town."

"From New York, eh! Come to the Council-room, please, and see the Governor;" and he led the way along the narrow *Rue Notre Dame* to a long low building with quaint dormer windows, in front of which the red-cross flag of St. George floated from a lofty flag-staff, and a couple of sentries paced to and fro in heavy marching order. This venerable building, almost unchanged in aspect, is now occupied as the Jacques Cartier Normal School. It had been erected as the residence of the French Governor, but at the time of our story it was the quarters of Colonel Burton, the Military Governor of the District of Montreal and Commandant of his Majesty's forces therein. It was subsequently occupied during the American invasion by Brigadier-General Wooster and by his successor, the traitor Benedict Arnold. It was here also that the first printing press ever used in Montreal was erected by Benjamin Franklin, in order to print the proclamation and address by which it was hoped to seduce Canada from its lawful allegiance, to join the revolt of the insurgent provinces.

After a moment's delay in a small ante-room, the officer conducted our travellers, somewhat bewildered by the contrast between his respectful treatment and that of his rude underlings, into a long low apartment with flat timbered ceiling. In this room, the present writer, on a recent visit, found a number of old historic portraits, probably of the period to which we now refer.

Seated at a large, green-covered table, on which lay his sword, and a number of charts and papers, pay-rolls and the like, was an alert, grizzled-looking officer of high rank. Near him sat his secretary, busily writing.

"Ah! be seated, pray. Pierre, chairs for the lady and gentlemen," said the Governor, nodding to a French valet, and adding, "You may wait in the ante-room. I hear," he went on, turning to Paul Heck, "that you have come from the disloyal province of New York."

"Yes, your worship," said Paul Heck, rather nervously fumbling his hat.

"Say 'his Excellency,'" put in the secretary, to the further dis-

comfiture of poor Paul, who had never before been in the presence of such an exalted personage.

"Never mind, Saunders," said the Governor good-naturedly, and then, to his rustic audience, "Feel quite at home, good people. I wish to learn the state of feeling in New York, and whether there is any loyalty to the old flag left."

"O yes, your worship—your Excellence, I mean," said Paul, "there are yet seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal."

"Seven thousand—Baal—what does the man mean, Featherstone?"

"Blest if I know, your Excellency," said Colonel Featherstone, who, like the Governor, was more familiar with the Letters of Lord Chesterfield than with the Hebrew Scriptures.

"He means," said Barbara Heck, "that there is yet a remnant who are faithful to their King, and pray daily for the success of the old flag."

"Ah, that's more to the purpose. But how many did you say my good man? and how do you know the number? Have they any organization or enrollment?"

"I said seven thousand, sir—your Excellence, I mean—because that's the number Elijah said were faithful to the God of Israel—a perfect number, you know. But just how many there are I cannot say. The Lord knoweth them that are His."

"A pragmatical fellow, this," said the Governor to Colonel Featherstone; and again addressing Heck, he asked, "Well, what are they going to do about it? Will they fight?"

"Many of them eschew carnal weapons, your Excellence. I'm not a man of war myself. I have come here with my wife and little ones, to try to serve God and to honour the King in peace and quietness; and there's a-many more, your Excellence, who will follow as soon as they can get away."

"Some of us have not the same scruples as Paul Heck, your Excellency," here interposed John Lawrence, who himself bore arms for his King in later days; and if his Majesty wants soldiers, he could easily raise a regiment of loyal Americans, who would rally to the defence of the old flag."

"Good! that has the right ring. We want a lot of true-hearted loyal subjects to colonize this new province, and you are welcome, and as many more like you as may come," said the

Governor, rubbing his hands and taking a snuff with Colonel Featherstone. He then conversed kindly and at some length about their plans and prospects. "I doubt if you can find lodging with any English family," he said; "there are not many English here yet, you see; but I will give you a note to a respectable Canadian who keeps a quiet inn," and he rang his table bell and wrote a hasty note. "Here, Pierre, take these good people to the Blanche Croix, and give this note to Jean Baptiste La Farge. I will send for you again," he added, as he bowed his guests politely out of the room, kindly repressing their exclamations:

"A thousand thanks, your worship—your Excellence, I mean," said Paul Heck; and added Barbara, "The Lord reward you for your kindness to strangers in a strange land."

TRUE EASTER.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

THE world for the dead Christ weepeth,
And holdeth her Lenten fast;
Doth she think that Christ still sleepeth
And night is not overpast?
Nay, but the word is spoken,
Nay, but the tomb is broken,
And "Christ is risen! Yea, Christ is risen indeed!

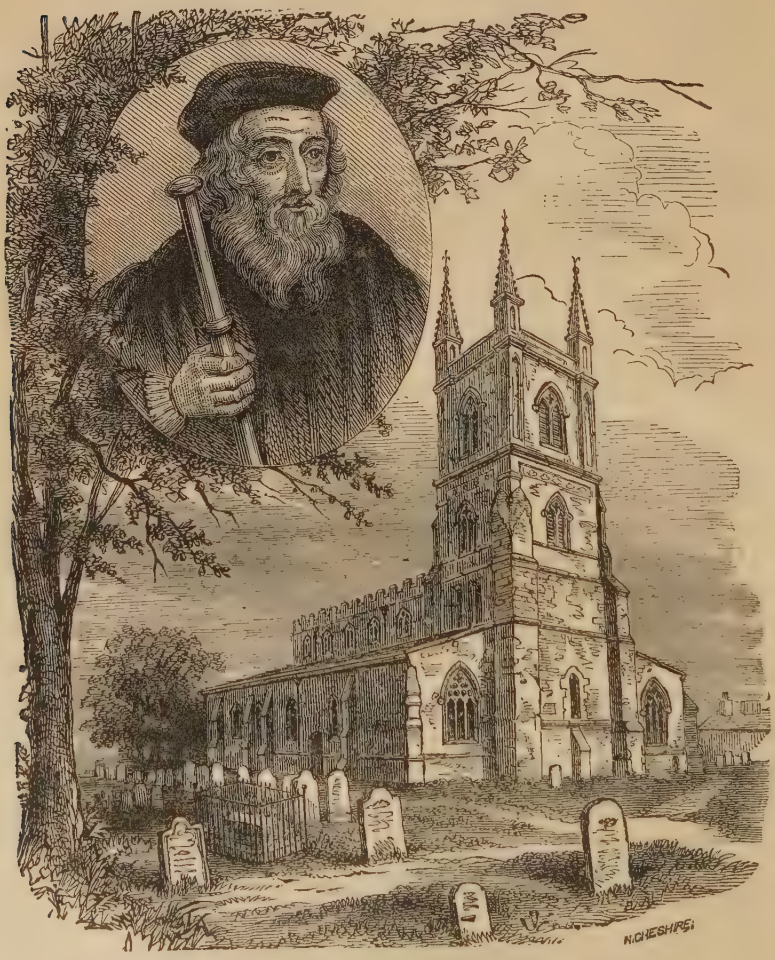
He suffered *once* and forever
The cross, the smiting, and pain.
Once did the sepulchre sever,
But never, never again.
Earth nor hell can bereave us,
Jesus never will leave us,
For "He hath risen! Yea, He hath risen indeed!"

Always so ready to ease us,
Always so willing to stay,
Pray, pray that the Living Jesus
May walk with us day by day.
Always the Easter glory,
Always the same glad story,
"The Christ is risen! The Christ is risen indeed!"

GREAT REFORMERS.

JOHN WYCLIFFE, THE MORNING STAR OF THE REFORMATION.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.



WYCLIFFE AND LUTTERWORTH CHURCH.

ON a sunny afternoon in August, 1879, I visited the famous Lambeth Palace, on the Thames, for over seven hundred years the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, the primates of England. But not the beauty of St. Mary's venerable chapel,

nor the grandeur of the stately Hall, Guard-room, or battlemented gateway, interesting though they were, presented the chief attractions to my mind. It was the tragic memories of the picturesque Lollard's Tower that most deeply enlisted my sympathies. In its narrow cell many prisoners for conscience' sake, saw the weary days drag on, while the iron entered their very souls. Here are the rings in the walls to which the prisoners were bound, the brands burned by the hot irons used in torture, the notches by which the victims of tyranny computed their calendar of wretchedness, and the trap-door in the floor by which, as the tide rose, they could be let down unseen into the river. Here the destined martyr, Cranmer, who had dispensed a sumptuous hospitality in this very palace, languished in mental and bodily misery before he atoned, amid the flames, for the weakness of his recantation.

It was an easy transition from this memory-haunted Prison of the Lollards in Lambeth, to the chief scene of the public life of Wycliffe, the father of Lollardism at Oxford. It was with peculiar interest that I visited the quadrangles and chambers of Queen Philippa's and Merton Colleges, where, as a scholar, he studied, and the stately halls of Balliol, where, as master, he taught. The venerable shade of the first and greatest of the English Reformers seemed yet to haunt their cloistered seclusion.

Of the early life of Wycliffe* but little is known. He was born near Richmond, in Yorkshire, about the year 1324, and was descended of good old English stock. His ancestors for three hundred years had occupied the same land, and had given its designation to the obscure village of Wycliffe—a name destined to become famous to the end of time. The lad was designed for the Church, almost the only sphere of intellectual activity at that time: nearly all the lawyers, physicians, and statesmen, as well as the instructors of youth in school and college, were ecclesiastics. He was, therefore, early sent to Oxford, the great seat of learning of Western Europe. Anthony a Wood states that about this time there were 30,000 scholars attending the University. But this must be a great exaggeration. The course of study, too, was far less comprehensive than at present.

* The name is written in sixteen different ways, but I adopt that which is most common. In those days every man spelled as was right in his own eyes.

Wycliffe soon became as distinguished for his erudition as for his piety. "The fruitful soil of his natural ability," writes quaint old Fuller, "he industriously improved by acquired learning. He was not only skilled in the fashionable arts of that age, and in that abstruse and crabbed divinity, all whose fruit is thorns, but he was also well versed in the Scriptures, a rare accomplishment in those days." His study of the Scriptures and of the early fathers created a disgust for the logic-chopping divinity of the schoolmen, and won for him the name of the Evangelic Doctor.

One of the most dreadful plagues which ever devastated Europe was the pestilence known as the Black Death, which, in the early part of the fourteenth century, swept away, it is estimated, more than half the inhabitants. This scourge of God made a profound impression on the devout mind of Wycliffe. In his first treatise, "The Last Age of the Church," he describes these evils as a Divine judgment for the corruptions of the times. "Both vengeance of swerde," he wrote, "and myschiefe unknown before, by which men thes dais should be punished, shall fall for synne of prestis."

A characteristic feature of the times was the multiplication of religious orders. The White, Black, Grey, and Austin friars swarmed throughout the kingdom. "They invaded," says Milman,* "every stronghold of the clergy—the University, the city, the village parish. They withdrew the flock from the discipline of the Church, intercepted their offerings, estranged their affections, heard confessions with more indulgent ears, granted absolution on easier terms." These sturdy beggars who argued that Christ and His disciples, like themselves, were mendicants,† Wycliffe unsparingly denounced. He branded the higher orders as hypocrites, "who, professing mendicancy, had stately houses, rode on noble horses, had all the pride and luxury of wealth with the ostentation of poverty." The humbler he described as "able-bodied beggars, who ought not to be permitted to infest the land."

The eloquence and learning of Wycliffe won him fame and honours. He was made warden of Balliol College, lecturer in

* Latin Christianity, Murray's Ed., Vol. xiii., p. 160.

† With similar perverted ingenuity the Communists of the first French Revolution claimed Jesus Christ as "le bon sansculotte."

divinity, and rector of Fylingham. He was soon chosen, too, as the champion of the realm against the encroachments of the Pope of Rome. Urban V. demanded the arrears of 1000 marks* of Peter's pence alleged to be due the pontiff. This Edward III. refused to pay. The sturdy English barons answered on this wise: "Our ancestors won this realm and held it against all foes by the sword. Let the Pope come and take it by force; I am ready to stand up and resist him." "Christ alone is the suzerain. It is better, as of old, to hold the realm immediately of Christ." Wycliffe, with much boldness and learning, vindicated the independence of the kingdom of the temporal authority of the Pope.

Another grievance was, that foreign prelates and priests who never saw the country, and could not speak its language, were presented to English dioceses and livings; and the country was drained of tithes, to be squandered in ecclesiastical profligacy at Rome and Avignon. A parliamentary remonstrance states that "the taxes paid to the Pope yearly out of England were four times the amount paid to the King." Wycliffe was sent as a delegate to Bruges to protest against this wrong. Justice he failed to obtain; but he learned the true character of the papacy. On his return he does not scruple to denounce the Pope as "Antichrist, the proud, worldly priest of Rome—the most accursed of clippers and purse-kervers."

Another evil of the times was the engrossing of all civil offices by ecclesiastics—from the Lord Chancellor's down to that of clerks of the kitchen and keeper of the King's wardrobe. To this Piers Ploughman refers in the lines—

> Some serven the Kinge and his silver tellen,
> In the Checkkere [Exchequer] and the chauncelrie, chalengynge his dettes.

One of these worldly prelates was able to equip three ships of war and a hundred men-at-arms for the King. Against this secularizing of the clergy, Wycliffe strongly inveighs, and sets forth as an antidote his Christian "Rule of Life." "If thou art a priest," he says, "live thou a holy life. Pass other men in holy prayer, holy desire, and holy speaking; in counselling and

* A mark was 13s. 4d. stg.; but the purchasing power of money was much greater then than now.

teaching the truth. Ever keep the commandments of God, and let His gospel and His praises ever be in thy mouth. Ever despise sin, that man may be withdrawn therefrom, and that thy deeds may be so far rightful, that no man shall blame them with reason. Let thy open life be thus a true book, in which the soldier and the layman may learn how to serve God and keep His commandments. For the example of a good life, if it be open and continued, striketh rude men much more than open preaching with the word alone. And waste not thy goods in great feasts for rich men, but live a frugal life on poor men's alms and goods. Have both meat, and drink, and clothing, but the remnant give truly to the poor; to those who have freely wrought, but who now may not labour from feebleness and sickness; and thus shalt thou be a true priest both to God and to man."

Wycliffe's antagonism to the papal party in the realm soon brought upon him their persecution. He was cited to appear before the Bishop of London on the charge of "holding and publishing erroneous and heretical doctrines." Appear he did, but not alone. His powerful friends, "Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," and Lord Henry Percy, lord marshal of England, stood by him, in the Lady Chapel of old St. Paul's. The lord marshal demanded a seat for Wycliffe: "He hath many things to answer; he needs a soft seat." "But," writes Foxe, "the Bishop of London, cast eftsoons into a fumish chafe with those words, said, 'He should not sit there. Neither was it,' said he, 'according to law or wisdom that he, who was cited there to appear to answer before his ordinary, should sit down during the time of his answer, but he should stand.' Upon these words a fire began to heat and kindle between them, insomuch that they began to rate and revile one the other. Then the duke, taking the Lord Percy's part, with hasty words began also to take up the bishop. To whom the bishop again did render and requite, not only as good as he brought, but also did so far excel him in this railing art of scolding, that the duke blushed and was ashamed, because he could not overpass the bishop in brawling and railing."

A tumult arose in the city between the partisans of earl and bishop, and in the larger contention the case of Wycliffe, for the time, passed out of view.

Soon a papal bull, nay, three of them, were despatched against Wycliffe. The University of Oxford was commanded to prohibit the teachings which, "in his detestable madness," he promulgated. In a special letter the Pope lamented that tares were suffered to grow up among the pure wheat in that seat of learning, and even to grow ripe without any care being applied to root them up. The reformer was cited before the Archbishop of Canterbury, and appeared at the episcopal palace of Lambeth. Old John of Gaunt was no longer by his side, nor the lord marshal of England. But he was environed by the true hearts of the English people. The sturdy citizens of London, always the bulwark of liberty, were now openly attached to his teaching. They forced their way into St. Mary's Chapel, and by their menaces deterred the prelates from the condemnation of the "Evangelic Doctor." "These were," writes the contemporary historian, "as reeds shaken by the wind: they became in their speech as soft as oil." The death of Gregory XI., and the great schism of the Church, with its rival pope and anti-pope hurling anathemas at each other's heads, put an end for a time to the persecution of the great champion of English liberty.

Amid his manifold travails and tribulations, Wycliffe fell ill, and was brought seemingly to death's door. The leaders of the Mendicant friars, whose wickedness he had denounced, thought this a fitting opportunity to procure the reversal of his severe condemnation of their order. In his mortal weakness they invaded his cell, and urged the retractation of his judgments before himself passing to the tribunal of the Great Judge of all. Rising on his couch and summoning all his strength, the heroic soul exclaimed: "I shall not die, but live, and shall again declare the evil deeds of the friars!" The strong will triumphed. The craven monks hastened from the cell, and Wycliffe soon rose from his bed to proclaim anew with tongue and pen the doctrines of the Cross. To antagonize the false teaching of the Mendicant friars, he himself sent forth itinerant preachers, who, at market cross and in village church, and on the highway, declared in plain, bold English speech the glorious evangel of the gospel.

"The novelty and, no doubt," says Milman, "the bold attacks on the clergy, as well as the awfulness of the truths now first presented in their naked form, shook, thrilled, enthralled the souls of men, most of whom were entirely without instruction,

the best content with the symbolic teaching of the ritual." So greatly did his doctrines prevail, that it passed into a proverb—"You cannot see two men together but one of them is a Wycliffite."

Wycliffe was now engaged upon the greatest work of his life—the translation, from the Latin Vulgate, of the Bible into the English tongue, finished in 1380—just five hundred years ago. This book it was that shook the papal throne—that stirred the thought of Christendom—that roused the Anglo-Saxon mind—that opened in the common speech a fountain of living water, and for all times a well of English undefiled, and laid broad and deep the foundations of England's liberties and England's greatness. In the "King's Library" of the British Museum, I examined with intensest interest a beautiful copy of that first English Bible.* This, doubtless in separate portions, must have been widely copied; for one of the Reformer's adversaries bitterly complains, as though it were a dire calamity, "that this Master John Wycliffe hath so translated the Scripture that laymen, and even women, who could read were better acquainted therewith than the most lettered and intelligent of the clergy. In this way," he continues, "the gospel pearl is cast abroad, and trodden under foot of swine, and that which was before precious, both to clergy and laity, is rendered as it were the common jest of both! The jewel of the church is turned into the sport of the people, and what was hitherto the principal gift of the clergy and divines, is made forever common to the laity." Even Lingard, the Roman Catholic historian, states that "in the hands of Wycliffe's poor priests this translation became an engine of wonderful power." The new doctrines acquired partizans and protectors in the higher classes; a spirit of enquiry was gener-

* The following is a specimen of this first translation of Luke x. 38-42: "Forsooth it was don, while thei wenten, and He entride in to sum castel; and sum womman, Martha bi name, receyuede Him into Hir hous. And to this Martha was a sister, Marie bi name, which also sittinge by sydis the feet of the Lord, herde the word of Him. Forsothe Martha bisyede about moche seruyce. Which stood and seide, Lord, is it not of charge to thee that my sister lefte me aloone, for to mynystre? therefore seye to hir, that she helpe me. And the Lord, answeringe, seide to hir, Martha, Martha, thou ert bysi and ert troublid anentis ful manye thingis; forsoth o thing is necessarie. Marie hath chose the beste part, which schal not be take awey fro hir."

ated, and the seeds sown of that religious revolution which, in a little more than a century, astonished and convulsed the nations of Europe.

The cost of a complete copy of the Scriptures, all written out by hand, was so great that only the wealthy could afford to possess one. But the sacred evangel was brought within the reach of all by means of a great brass-and-leathern bound copy, chained to the desk of the parish church. Here, at stated times, some learned clerk or layman would read the oracles of God to the eager group assembled to hear them. In the old church at Chelsea and elsewhere, may still be seen these ancient desks. In 1429 the cost of a New Testament alone was £2 16s. 8d., equal to more than $100 of our present money. At that time £5 was a sufficient amount for the yearly maintenance of a tradesman, yeoman, or curate. So it required half a year's income to procure what can now be had for sixpence. The Bible-hating prelates brought forward a bill in the House of Lords for suppressing Wycliffe's translation. Bold John of Gaunt stoutly declared: "We will not be the dregs of all, seeing that other nations have the law of God, which is the word of our faith, written in their own language," and the bill was thrown out.

The famous uprising of the people against odious tyranny, known as Wat Tyler's rebellion, now took place. It had no connexion with religion, but the prelates used it as a ground for casting odium upon Wycliffe. A synod assembled at the Grey Friars, London, formally condemned ten articles drawn from his writings as heretical, and an act was passed by the House of Lords—the first statute of heresy promulgated in England—commanding the arrest and imprisonment of all Wycliffe's preachers, that they might answer in the Bishops' courts.

The toils of fate seemed gathering around the intrepid reformer. Even sturdy John of Gaunt advised submission to the bench of bishops. But Wycliffe shrank not from the danger. He was again condemned by a convocation of clergy at Oxford. He boldly appealed, not to the pope, but to the King. There was as yet no statute in England for the burning of heretics, and under the protection of the civil law he defied his adversaries. He was excluded from Oxford, but from his pulpit at Lutterworth he boldly proclaimed the doctrines of salvation by faith, and controverted the Romish dogma of the Real Presence in the Eucha-

rist. In his humble rectory hard by, his busy pen wrote volume after volume,* in strong, plain English speech, that all men might understand, expounding, enforcing, unfolding the teachings of that blessed book which he had first given the people in their own mother tongue. By the hands of rapid copyists these were multiplied and scattered abroad on all the winds—seeds of truth immortal, destined to bring forth a glorious harvest in the hearts and lives of future generations of English confessors, ay, and martyrs for the faith.

Wyckliffe himself failed of the honour of martyrdom, not from lack of courage on his part, or of the evil will on the part of his enemies, but through the good providence of God. His closing years passed in hallowed and congenial toil at Lutterworth. For two years previous to his death, he suffered from partial paralysis. But his high courage, his earnest zeal, his fervent faith, were unpalsied to the last. While breaking the bread of the Lord's Supper to his beloved flock, the final summons came. Standing at the altar with the sacred emblems in his hand, he fell to the ground, deprived at once of consciousness and speech. He left no words of dying testimony, nor needs there such. His whole life was an epistle, known and read of all men. His spirit passed away from earth on the last day of the year 1384.

Yet he did not all die. In the hearts of thousands of faithful followers his doctrines lived. In the troublous times that came upon the realm, his disciples bore the glorious brand of "Gospellers," or Bible-men. Ay, and in the Lollards' Tower, on the scaffold, and amid the fires of Smithfield, they bore their witness to the truth that maketh free. The first of the noble army of martyrs, the smoke of whose burning darkened the sky of England, was William Sawtrey, rector of St. Osyth's in London. Then followed John Badbee, a humble tailor, who, denying the dogma of transubstantiation, avowed his faith in the Holy Trinity. "If every Host," he declared, "consecrated on the altar were the Lord's body, then were there twenty thousand Gods in England; but he believed in the one God omnipotent." The lofty as well as the lowly, in like manner bore witness of the truth. Among

* "His industry," says Dean Milman, "even in those laborious days, was astonishing. The number of his books baffles calculation. Two hundred are said to have been burned in Bohemia alone."

the most illustrous victims of papal persecution was the gallant knight Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham. As his sentence was read, he answered, "Ye may judge my body, but ye have no power over my soul," and, like his Master, he prayed for his murderers. As he walked to the stake, he refused the aid of an earthly priest: "To God only, now and ever present, would he confess, and of Him entreat pardon." His last words, drowned amid the crackling of faggots and the roar of the flames, were of praise to God. Such were some of the glorious fruits of Wycliffe's teaching in the generation following his own death.

Although removed by God's providence from the evils of those troublous times, yet the malice of his enemies suffered not the bones of Wycliffe to lie quiet in the grave. Thirty years after his death, the Council of Constance—the same council which, in violation of a plighted faith, burned the two most illustrious disciples of Wycliffe, Jerome and Huss—wreaked its petty rage upon the dead body of the English Reformer, by decreeing that it should be disinterred and cast forth from consecrated ground. But not till thirteen years later was this impotent malice fulfilled. At the command of Pope Martin V., his bones were dug up from their grave, burnt to ashes, and strewed upon the neighbouring stream. "And so," observes Foxe, "was he resolved into three elements, earth, fire, and water; they think thereby to abolish both the name and doctrine of Wycliffe for ever. But though they digged up his body, burned his bones, and drowned his ashes, yet the word of God and truth of His doctrine, with the fruit and success thereof, they could not burn, which yet to this day do remain, notwithstanding the transitory body and bones of the man were thus consumed and dispersed."

"The ashes of Wycliffe," to quote the words of Fuller, "were cast into a brook which entered the Avon, and they were carried to the Severn, from the Severn to a narrow sea, and from the narrow sea into the wide ocean; the ashes of Wycliffe thus becoming an emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all over the world."

"The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
So Wycliffe's ashes shall be borne
Where'er those waters be."

A MEDITATION FOR EASTER SUNDAY.

BY THE REV. PHILIPS BROOKS.

"And He laid His right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not ; I am the first and the last : I am He that liveth, and was dead ; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen ; and have the keys of hell and of death."—Revelation i. 17, 18.

THERE is only one subject for this day. Upon this morning when the grave was broken and Jesus Christ arose, His resurrection, with all that it means for us, must claim our thoughts. Easter is remarkable for this, that it seems to take the most stupendous thoughts, and through the personality of Jesus bring them to men's apprehension and affection. The very children have taken these stupendous thoughts into their simple minds. They have been made real to us through the personal experience of Christ whom we love, and they have been translated by our own instincts and the prophecies of our own needs. It is to those who have gone up the path to the empty tomb, full of love for Jesus, that the great truth of His resurrection has been shown, and their own truest longings have been made beautiful and clear. Just as these flowers have taken the infinite and mysterious forces of Nature, and put them into these clear shapes of visible beauty, so Easter, the flower of the year, takes the immeasurable truths of life and immortality, and holds them to us in a beauty that we can all see and love.

Let us try to see something of the meaning of that sublime self-description of the risen Christ. First, "I am He that liveth;" He whose life is The Life complete in itself and including all other lives within itself. If anything has come to make us feel what a fragmentary thing our human life is, there is no greater knowledge for us to win than that the life of one who loves us as Christ loves us is an eternal life, with the continuance and unchangeableness of eternity. There is a large, long life that is not transitory. When we know that then, just as the leaves, coming and going, growing and dropping, find their reason and consistency in the long, unchanging life of the tree on which they grow, so our lives find their place in this long, unchanging life of Christ, and lose the vexation of their own ever-shifting pasts and futures in the perpetual present of His being.

See what a wonderful thing comes next, "I am He that liveth, and was dead." Remember the eternally-living, the very life of all lives. And yet in that life of lives death has come as an episode, an incident. It did not close His being, but was only an experience which that being underwent. That spiritual existence which had been going on for ever, now came and submitted itself to that which men had always been submitting to. It was an experience of all His creation, but He had never felt it. To His humanity it seemed terrible; Gethsemane bears witness how terrible. But He passed into it from love to us. And as He came out from it He declared its nature. "It is an experience of life, not an end of life. Life goes on through it, and comes out unharmed. Look at Me: 'I am He that liveth, and was dead!'" He that was dead! At once death changes from the terrible end of life into a most mysterious but no longer terrible experience of life. He that is "alive for evermore." Not merely is there a future beyond the grave, but it is inhabited by One who speaks to us; who went there by the way that we must go; who sees us and can help us as we make our way along, and will receive us when we come there. "I have the keys of hell and of death." It is because He died that He holds the keys of death. Can we not understand that? Do we not know how any soul that has passed through a great experience holds the keys of that experience, so that as he sees another coming fearfully up to it, just as ignorantly and fearfully as he came, he can run up to this new comer and open the door for him, show him on what side this experience is best entered, lead him through the dark passages of it, and at last bring him out into the splendour of the light beyond? Suppose you have had some one great sorrow in your life. You look, and lo! another light and careless heart comes singing up the road by which you came. You know where the road leads to, but he has not yet caught sight of the trial which blocks it. Suddenly he comes in sight of it, and starts back. "Father, save me from it!" you hear him cry. If you are wise and willing, you go down to meet him, and hold out before him the key of your experience. "Let me show you," you say, "not because I am any better and wiser than you are, but because the Father led me there first. Let me show you the way into, the way through, and the way out of this sorrow which you cannot escape. Into it by perfect submission, through it with implicit obedience, out of it with purified passions and entire

love." He sees the key in your hand. He sees the experience in your face, and so he trusts you..... There are no nobler lives on earth than those of men and women who have passed through many experiences, and now go about holding their keys, some golden and some iron, and finding their joy in opening the gates of these experiences to younger souls, and sending them into them full of intelligence and hope and trust. This is what Jesus does for us by His resurrection. Having the keys of death and hell, He comes to us as we are drawing near to death, and He opens the doors on both sides of it, and lets us look through it, and shows us immortality. Not merely He lives for ever, but so shall we; for us, too, death shall be not an end but an experience; and beyond it, for us, just as for Him, stretches immortality. Because He lives we shall live also.

MORTIS PORTIS—EASTER HYMN.*

Cento: by PETRUS VENERABILIS, Abbot of Clugny, A.D. 1092-1156.

BROKEN is death's portal;
Hail the victory,
For the King Immortal
Stronger is than he.
Now the tyrant cruel
From the throne is torn,
By the mighty duel
Round the cross forlorn.

Down the darkness dreary
Streams the light of day,
Like a morning cheery,
Driving night away.
For our God and maker,
Pitying our pain,
Comes to be the breaker
Of our iron chain.

We in sin were lying,
Helpless under doom,
Given up to dying,
Captive to the tomb;
Then in mercy tender
Came Immanuel down,
Laying by His splendour,
Putting off His crown.

And our nature mortal
Did the King put on,
Standing in the portal,
Our true champion:
Dead the foe lies under
His triumphant feet.
O the joy and wonder!
Sing with praises sweet!

* "Mortis portis, fractis, fortis
Fortior vim sustulit;
Et per crucem regem trucem
Infernorum perculit.
Lumen clarum tenebrarum
Sedibus resplenduit;
Dum salvare, recreare,
Quod creavit, voluit.
Hinc Creator, ne peccator
Moreretur, moritur;
Cujus morte nova sorte
Vita nobis oritur."

METHODISM AND EDUCATION.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN GREGORY,

President of the Wesleyan Conference.

[We condense, from the report in the London *Watchman* of the opening of a Wesleyan High School at Truro, the following admirable address, the general tenor of which will apply to the educational mission of Methodism in Canada as well as in Great Britain.—ED.]

THE educational work of Methodism, so far from being a divergence from its evangelistic mission, is the necessary complement of that mission. The one without the other could not be made perfect or enduring; even if Methodism were to be regarded as nothing but a mission, it would still, like every other well-organized mission, require its educational adjuncts. Methodism was from the first an occupancy of the waste places of the land—a taking possession of desert tracts which it had won out of the hand of the Amorite with the "sword of the spirit" and the bow of truth, to cover them with the fair fruits of cultivation; it was a settlement upon the clearings it had made by lifting up the keen axe of conviction amongst the thick boughs of ignorance and irreligion. Its care has been to enclose and enrich with tillage its successive intakes from the bleak moorland, and to dot over with farmsteads the well-cultivated slopes. Whatever Church in the present day stands aloof from the great work of education, by that very act dooms itself to an irreparable disadvantage as a factor in the religious and intellectual life of the community. An uneducating Church can never be the Church of the English people. England has made up its mind to be educated, and the Churches of the land must make up their minds that English education shall be Christian education—education in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

To take the very lowest and the very narrowest ground, any education which is not religious must be miserably defective, and that both as to theory and practice; it must be like a lopsided vessel—the more offensive to the eye of the master shipbuilder and the more unmanageable in practical navigation the bigger it may be. Within the present century the idea of education has been elevated and expanded, and its definition has been brought into closer harmony with its etymology. Taking the most approved and advanced theories as to the aim of education, every believer in Christ must see at once that religion is one of its most essential elements.

Begin with the theory propounded by the elder Mill in his celebrated article on education in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the aim of education is to render the individual as much as possible an instrument of happiness, first to himself and then to other beings. Now, every believer will at once perceive that no one can be as much as possible an instrument of happiness to himself and others of whose nature by far the largest, noblest, richest part is not only left undeveloped, but is abandoned to the activity of the powers of evil. It is as if a man who inherited an immense tract of country, capable of enormous productiveness under due cultivation, were to call in an adept to advise him how to raise the largest possible amount of useful produce on the less valuable part of his domain, whilst he left the incalculably richest and immeasurably widest province uncared for and untilled, although this very province bordered on an encroaching desert, against which the sole protection was the ploughshare and the spade; or although the soil of the neglected portion of the estate were of such

a nature that if left to itself it speedily became a tropical jungle or plague-breeding swamp, teeming with hateful and harmful life.

Or take the elaborate definition, drawn up by a German writer as the basis of the Prussian system of national education: "Education is the harmoniously and equable evolution of the human powers by a method based on the nature of the mind, every power of the soul to be unfolded, every crude principle of life stirred up and nourished, all one-sided culture avoided, and the impulses on which the strength and worth of men rest carefully attended to. How can the human powers be harmonious and equably evolved and every power of the soul unfolded if the grandest and mightiest power of all be left to shrivel up or pine away, or fester into loathsomeness? How can every principle of life be stirred up, when the highest principle of all is left in the profoundest lethargy, or in dimness of anguish—the delirious faintness of a famine fever? How can that culture be other than one-sided, which leaves the grander hemisphere of human nature utterly untouched? And on what impulses do the strength and worth of men rest, if not on those which proceed from 'the powers of the world to come?'"

Or take the more practical definition of John Stuart Mill: "Education is the culture which each generation is about to give to those who are to be its successors, in order to qualify them for at least keeping up and, if possible, for raising the improvement which has been attained." Or adopt the definition given in Chambers' *Encyclopædia*: "The efforts of the grown-up part of the community to inform the intellect and mould the character of the young." Every true Christian will see at a glance—first, that if this be a just view of education, then religion must be the most indispensable part of education; and, secondly, that the providing for the education of the youth is an integral part of the work of the Church. Mr. Wesley was solemnly urgent in pressing on the members of his societies the importance of this matter to the very salvation of those whom they most loved.

What with the blessing of God we may hope to secure is a system where the soundest, and, up to a certain point, the most thorough secular education shall be given along with the foundation truths of revelation and the principles of Christian morality and of worthy British citizenship; schools in which "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise," will be all presented in a winning and hopeful light. Schools where "learning's redundant part and vain" will be cut off and cast aside; schools where the breath of life shall animate the dry skeleton of human learning; where a careful, kindly, sensitive vigilance as to the moral and the physical well-being will be blended with a little judicious letting alone, where a youth breathing hour after hour a highly oxygenised moral and religious atmosphere, and leading a cheerful uncontaminated life, may grow up towards a sound-hearted, sweet-spirited manhood, "increasing in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and men," and where, above all, the steady set of the current of feeling and influence will be decidedly in favour of healthy morals, true religion, and simple, hearty Methodism.

But it may yet be asked why should Methodism constitute itself a great educational agency? Its mission is to spread scriptural holiness; its ministers should remember that they have nothing to do but to save souls. True, but it must not be forgotten that whilst there is but one way to heaven, there are more means than one of saving souls—of leading people into that blessed way. Methodists who breathe the apostolic spirit of our founder will be anxious by all means to save some.

Even recent writers who are content to retail second-hand statements, and who do not think it at all necessary to inform themselves

as to the important matters on which they undertake to inform the public, insist upon dooming Methodism to perpetual banishment from the domain of culture, learning, and education. Hence, a clergyman, the Rev. Charles J. Abbey, in a recent work on the English Church in the Eighteenth Century, takes upon himself to pronounce that "Methodism can never make any deep impression upon the cultivated classes. It can at best be only the Church of the poor and of the lower middle class." Well, I should greatly deplore its ceasing to be the Church of the poor and of the lower middle class. As a Methodist minister, I would not exchange this inheritance of my fathers for the choicest portions of a king's estate. But, for all that, I can see no reason, either in the nature or the history of Methodism, why it should be for ever incapable of participating in, or contributing to, the intellectual cultivation of the country. Why, herein is a marvellous thing, if a movement which originated in one of the most ancient and renowned universities in the world, and was conducted for more than half a century by one of the most accomplished scholars, one of the most trained and trenchant thinkers, one of the most enthusiastic educationists of the age, should be destined to eternal illiterateness. Two things, however, are quite certain—first, that the founders of Methodism had no such idea; and second, that the present generation of Methodists have no such intention. Had this been the view of the two Wesleys, they would not have taught their followers to sing—

> Unite the pair so long disjoined—
> Knowledge and vital piety;
> *Learning* and holiness, combined
> With truth and love, let all men see!

Wesley himself attached great importance to the religious instruction of the young, and not only so, but to early-formed habits of refinement. Methodism is bound to teach her foster-children wisdom according to Dr. Arnold's conception of it—"Knowledge rich and varied, digested and combined, and pervaded through and through by the light of the spirit of God!" It is to give the elements of a broad and liberal culture, including our mother tongue in its purity, and to some extent its riches—to which the English Bible and the Wesleyan Hymn Book will largely contribute—arithmetic, geometry, and geography, a good start in the acquisition of Latin and of French or German, the outlines of history—English, Greek, Roman, sacred, general—and the principles of the leading natural sciences, all combined with the fundamental vital doctrines of revealed religion, and all penetrated and imbued with the kindly healthful influences of a living, loving Christianity.

"THE FUTURE OF MORALITY."

BY SAMUEL HOLDHARD.

THE author of "The Future of Morality"—a paper which appears in the last number of the *Canadian Monthly*—has deservedly earned a respectable reputation for clear and forcible writing, and therefore anything from his pen is sure to attract notice and to secure readers. He is evidently convinced that in assailing the leading doctrines and facts of Christianity, he is doing good service to society. And perhaps he is, for it is a prevailing opinion among erudite Christians that the assaults of infidelity in the past have always worked for good, by bringing forth replies so perfect and complete as to leave little to desire; and we may fairly anticipate that in this respect the future will

be as the past, if not more abundantly fruitful. But in the article under consideration the writer has, in a very pronounced manner, assumed a tone of scornful authority which is hardly in keeping with the object which he professes to have in view, and which, therefore, may render his performance less acceptable than it might have been had he presented his thoughts in a more modest garb. The article commences well enough, but on proceeding with it one is reminded of the boatswain in one of Marryat's tales, who always commenced his harangues to offending sailors by "begging leave to insinuate in the most delicate manner in the world that they were unmitigated fools, rascals," etc.; for the intention to be magisterial very soon develops itself, and then we have a splendid specimen of what a man conscious that he has something great to say can do.

It is apparently a tendency native to the progressives, so called, to indulge towards those from whom they differ a mood of mind not very unlike supercilious contempt, and "The Future of Morality" is presumably a fair specimen of this disposition, the suave exordium to the contrary notwithstanding. The answer of poor distracted Job to the friends who had prejudged his case would seem to fit tolerably well here: "No doubt ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you." If one were to accept as valid the claims which, by implication at least, our author makes for the writers and thinkers of his class, the conclusion would unavoidably be that they have already pretty well disposed of the leading doctrines of the Christian religion and left orthodoxy in a very enfeebled state. But with all due deference to these clever gentlemen, it may be honestly questioned whether they have in any appreciable measure disturbed the convictions of real Christendom; and it may further be assumed, as at least possible, if not probable, that within the pale of orthodoxy there may be found men who, by reason of natural ability and high culture, are at the very least the equals of the "modern philosophers," though perhaps not so diligent in aggressive effort or self-appreciation.

As evidence of the charity and courtesy of writers of this school, it may not be amiss to give an extract from the article which calls forth these remarks, and here it is: "Paradoxical as it may seem, what is called worldliness *is a vice prevailing chiefly among the so-called pious.*" (The italics are ours.) "The very people who run down this world are running one another down, in their efforts to get as much as possible of this world's goods, and of its honour and glory. They have a horror of skepticism, which, in addition to all its other evil qualities, has the supreme drawback of being unfashionable. They are full of zeal for ceremonial, and for implicit obedience to ecclesiastical authority, but as for the 'fruits of the Spirit,' you must look elsewhere for them. Society with its pleasures and vanities, its maxims and conventions, its novelties and fashions, its rivalries and struggles, its factions and cliques, its scandals and its never-ending tittle-tattle, absorbs all their waking and even dreaming thoughts, wakes the only passions they are capable of, and stamps itself into their very souls. And yet of course this earth is a very dismal place, and there is nothing true but heaven. They show their piety by making no attempt to turn earth into a paradise, and by placing the lightest possible estimate upon mere human duties. Their zeal, on the other hand, for pure doctrine is irreproachable, their attendance on Church ordinances all that fashion requires, their opinions are all absolutely correct, and are likely to remain so, *as their power of perceiving truth stands at zero!*"

Is not this a delectable morsel, coming as it does from a writer who a little further on tells us that "what is wanted is the helpful hand, the cheering voice, the patient spirit, a calm yet ardent faith, a fervent brotherly love?" But is it true that "what is called worldliness is a vice *chiefly* prevailing among the so-called pious?" Who are the people

called pious? Why presumably those who are recognized as such? It is not much the custom to call convicted thieves honest men, besotted drunkards sober men, or arrogant and vituperative writers modest and courteous gentlemen. Nor is it any more the custom to call those pious who are manifestly trying to ruin each other, or "whose waking and even dreaming thoughts are absorbed by pleasures, vanities, scandals, and never-ending tittle-tattle." On the contrary, as the prophet of "The Future of Morality" ought to know, and probably does know, the term "pious," when derisively used, as he uses it, is applied by the vain and worldly to the men and women who are endeavouring to avoid the very follies and vices he so graphically describes. But be that as it may, the really pious are the people who give the helping hand, who speak the cheering word, who show the patient spirit, who possess a calm yet ardent faith, and who exhibit fervent brotherly love. Aye, and you will find but few such—if you find any at all—outside of the fold of Christ, or His visible Church, to which, as by a natural instinct, they find it helpful to join themselves. Happily we have in all our urban communities, as well as throughout our rural districts, thousands of self-consecrated workers, who, impelled by the purest philanthropy, devote time, money and yearning sympathy to the alleviation of human suffering, sorrow and wretchedness, and who in the pursuit of their Godlike work do not count even their own lives dear to them. You find these meekly obtrusive toilers in hospitals, asylums, jails and penitentiaries, as well as in the homes of poverty, misery and vice, where their gentle ministries are often the means of saving life, reviving the all but extinct courage of men crushed by adversity, and recalling to self-respect the fallen and forsaken. Yes, the "so-called," in derision, "pious," are, after all, the agents and usually the organizers of our benevolent institutions, and it is in the last degree deplorable that writers who profess such high aims as our "modern philosophers" should launch the sneer and point the finger at them.

This claim is recognised by society generally; and if a movement having for object the amelioration of human wretchedness is set on foot, the main dependence for its successful operation is usually upon persons who have won public confidence by their well-sustained religious professions, or, if you please, by their "so-called" piety.

It is very refreshing to note the coolness with which our writer asks, as if the supposed act were a sheer absurdity, "how can any one who knows what belief is imagine a man sitting down and calmly deliberating whether to believe a certain thing or not?" But is it really inconceivable that a man who, up to a certain period of his life, has troubled himself little or not at all about religious belief, should, when aroused to a sense of responsibility in that direction, "sit down calmly to deliberate" about the matter? Will not such a man, on the contrary, exhibit a proper sense of duty by so sitting down, and considering whether it be safe or even creditable for him to live in utter disregard of a subject which, by the verdict of all ages, is deserving of his best attention? And will not one of his first thoughts be "What am I to believe?" The absurdity seems rather to exist in the supposition that the man is reduced to the alternative of deciding whether he shall or shall not believe without examination.

It is true that the question, as put by the essayist, is whether the man shall or shall not believe a certain thing; but the proposition in that form is scarcely a fair one—for something has to be believed, even if it be that the doctrine is not believable; and before the conclusion can be arrived at there ought surely to be some consideration of its claims to reception as well as of the reasons against it. It is nevertheless true that the mental attitude of men in regard of religious questions so greatly influences their judgments as often to render them impervious to the evidences by which they are supported, the

thought, in such cases, not unfrequently owing its paternity to the wish. It is, of course, possible that the "modern philosophers" may be altogether free from such weaknesses, and that, being endowed by nature with perfect capacity to infallibly discern the truth, and to do so without deliberation, they have a consequent right to lay down their dicta in the grandly final manner they are apt to indulge. Listen to our author: "If thoughtful and earnest men were to apply themselves to study and discern the essential qualities of actions, . . . can it be doubted that they would accomplish a much more useful work for society?" The inference, of course, is that hitherto "earnest and thoughtful men" (save, of course, the modern philosophers) have wholly neglected "to study the essential qualities of actions!" That's terrible, and society ought surely to feel oppressed with a sense of obligation to the men who at last have sounded the alarm and called away the attention of earnest and thoughtful men from the frivolities which have absorbed their earnest thoughts to the consideration of the essential qualities of actions! But really the subject is too grave for satire, and one cannot but marvel at the apparently unconscious audacity of the writer who fulminates so sweeping a charge against the earnest and thoughtful men of the present and bygone ages. "The future of morality," what will it be? Well, we imagine that morality itself will be, in the future, what it has always been, viz., the practical recognition of the right; but that "modern philosophy" will ever be able to give a better exposition of it, or promote its more effective enforcement than Christianity, through its honest and sincere disciples, has done and may be expected increasingly to do, is a contingency upon which it would be somewhat hazardous to depend. But, of course, if modern philosophy should prove its claim by the irrefragrable evidence of "works of faith and labours of love"—not sneering invective and unfounded accusation—the earnest and thoughtful men of all classes will assuredly be prepared to give it a cordial welcome.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

Methodist Mission Work.

The special glory of Methodism has been its missionary character. It has not only gone to those who needed it, but to those who needed it most. It has sought out with a passionate zeal the forgotten and neglected, and has sent the Gospel to the degraded and the wretched, even in the uttermost parts of the earth. This crown of honour of the British Methodism is also the characteristic of Methodism throughout the world. But though many daughters have done virtuously, the grand old Mother Church has excelled them all. This is owing, we conceive, not to her greater wealth, but to her superior missionary organization. The average membership, we think, is less able to give than the membership in either Canada or the United States. But the mode of collection is more systematic, missionary information is more widely diffused, and missionary zeal more intensely kindled. The missionary meetings at Leeds, Salford, Sheffield, and other great Methodist centres are seasons of glowing enthusiasm, and so also are those of village and circuit Methodism throughout the land.

But it is especially in enlisting the co-operation of the young that this superior organization is apparent. In a single year the Juvenile Offerings of the Wesleyan Church amounted to $107,000, or one-third of the entire missionary income raised in Great Britain. In Canada the missionary offerings last year

were only $16,094, or less than one-eighth of our entire missionary income. Five years ago the income from this source was $23,000, or one-fifth of the entire income at that time. To maintain the same proportion now, it should last year have been $27,000 instead of $16,000, as it was.

This serious falling off is to be attributed, of course, largely to the depressed financial condition of the country; but partly, also, to a less vigorous working of the Christmas Offering plan. But if this mode be not considered the best, let some other more efficient mode be adopted. Such a mode has already been adopted by some of our schools. At the Ottawa Street School at Montreal, for instance, instead of sending out Christmas collecting cards, a Juvenile Missionary Society has been established, with the result of doubling the amount of contributions of the school. The schools of that city contributed for last year the noble sum of $2,812. being an average of over one dollar and twelve cents for each scholar on the roll. And most of these scholars, we are told, belong chiefly to what may be called the poorer classes of society. There is scarcely any place in Canada which, with similar organization, might not give similar results. Yet even half of this, or say one cent a Sunday, which even the poorest could give, from our 123,000 scholars, would yield $63,960, instead of the $16,094 of last year.

The school of the Metropolitan Church of this city, and we believe some others, have inaugurated a plan which deserves general imitation. A Sunday-school missionary meeting is held once a quarter, at which missionary information is given, letters from our missionaries read, missionary hymns are sung, and missionary addresses are made. Beside this, a missionary collection is taken up in each class every Sunday. Far more important than the money value of such a system is its moral benefit. The young people of our Church are thus brought into intelligent sympathy with the grandest of causes. They become acquainted with our missionary work. Their mental horizon is widened, beneficent emotions are stirred in their souls, and habits of systematic giving are cultivated. When, in a few years, they pass from the school into the Church, they will be better fitted to discharge their responsibilities in every department of missionary and Church work. By all means let such societies be organized in connection with all our congregations.

King Killing.

About the most dangerous business in Europe just now is being an Emperor or King. These potentates have become the most prominent targets for the assassin's weapon. Never was more true the saying: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Kaiser William, the Czar Alexander, King Humbert, and Alphonso of Spain, have all recently, and most of them several times, been made the objects of most determined attempts at assassination. The immunity of these walking targets from serious injury seems to corroborate the saying that threatened men live long; but the shadow of peril under which they live cannot conduce to either their health or comfort. These desperate attempts at king killing, however, are as foolish as they are wicked. The murder of a sovereign does not destroy a dynasty. It only gives it a new lease of life and power, and rallies around it the support of the nation. If the Czar were removed to-morrow, what would the Nihilists gain? If Alexander scourged them with whips, his son might be expected to scourge them with scorpions. No sovereign on the continent of Europe, we venture to think, has better claim to live in the grateful memory of posterity than he who, within a few weeks, has twice narrowly escaped a cruel death by the malignant ingenuity of his subjects. Never has the decree of any monarch been so far-reaching and beneficent as the imperial ukase of February 19th (O. S), 1861, which, throughout the hundred tribes and

nations of the vast empire, emancipated at a stroke 22,000,000 of serfs. And this act was performed against the wish and in spite of the opposition of the most powerful nobles and bureaucrats of the empire. But the whole social fabric of Russia and Germany seems honeycombed by Nihilistic and Communistic theories. This we conceive to be the result of the tremendous oppressions of the military system of those countries. The people groan beneath an intolerable burden of taxation, wrung by harsh exactions from peaceful industry, for the support of vast armies in enforced idleness or in destructive activity.

The women are toiling in the fields, while every able-bodied man is forced during some of the most precious years of his life into the camp or barrack. At Ehrenbreitstein we saw gangs of women unloading heavy barrack stores from railway vans, while 7,000 troops were marching, drilling, and countermarching in a fortress which it has cost the revenue of a kingdom to create and sustain. We never heard such bitter denunciation of any government as that of this military oppression, by an intelligent German, in a Belgian railway train. But the bureaucratic and military class are combined in maintaining this oppressive system. Only a general disarmament, or a vast reduction of the military exactions which are draining the life-blood of the nation, paralysing its industries, and clogging the wheels of progress, can prevent the mining and plotting of the socialistic fanatics who imagine that by overturning both throne and altar in the dust will be brought about a new golden age—a reign of peace and brotherhood—when men shall have all things in common. It is said that when Emperor William of Germany received the news of the attempt on the life of the Czar of Russia, he became very thoughtful, and that after remaining silent for some minutes, he said, in a tone at once melancholy and energetic: "If we do not change the direction of our policy, if we do not think seriously of giving sound instruction to youth, if we do not give the first place to religion, if we only pretend to govern by expedients from day to day, our thrones will be overturned, and society will become a prey to the most terrible events. We have no more time to lose, and it will be a great misfortune if all the governments do not come to an accord in this salutary work." Such a policy would indeed be the dawn of a brighter day for Europe.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Methodist Episcopal, United States.

According to the most recent statistics, there are now ninety-six annual conferences, 11,453 itinerant ministers, and 1,690,837 members.

Dr. Maclay, Superintendent of the Mission in Japan, writes of a destructive fire at Hakodati, which laid one half of the city in ashes, and 15,000 people were rendered homeless. The M. E. Church was burned to the ground. Total loss of the mission, $1,800. Immediately after the Hakodati devastation a fire broke out in Tokio, in which both the M. E. Church and parsonage were destroyed. This property was partially insured, but the loss is about $5,000.

The society is building a house at Piazza Poli, Rome, beside their church, for the pastor, who is the well-known ex-priest Lanna, for-

merly professor of *Belles-lettres* in the Catholic college.

The Board of the Church Extension has aided in the erection of nearly 2,800 houses of worship since 1865, thus providing church sittings for eight hundred and forty thousand people. The Board has thus aided in building half as many churches as the Roman Catholics own in the whole nation. The Board calls for an immediate increase of $100,000, and desires to aid in the erection of fifty churches per month, the majority of which are required in the Western States and Territories.

There are about sixty thousand Mennonites in America. They have five hundred meeting-houses, one-eighth of that number being in Canada. They abstain from taking the oath, do not inflict punishment, do not accept public office, and never go to law. They are nearly all farmers.

The Reformed Episcopal Church now has ninety-seven ministers, of whom six are bishops. All have parishes. Sixty-four are in the United States, fourteen in Canada, and nineteen in England.

Methodists will always feel an interest in the Moravian Church. Recent reports show that it now has 323 preachers engaged in missionary work, with 1,504 native assistants, and has made seventy-one thousand conversions in heathen countries. At the recent meeting of the General Synod, seventeen invitations to begin new missions were declined on account of lack of funds.

Methodist Church of Canada.

The Rev. George Young, D.D., after a few years' pastorate in Toronto, has returned to the mission field in Manitoba, and is now stationed in the town of Emerson, where he has laid the foundation of Methodism, as he had previously done at Winnipeg. The commencement has been most auspicious, and we are sure that our readers will pray that Dr. Young's second term may be crowned with abundant success.

The Rev. Ebenezer Robson, who was one of the first band of missionaries to British Columbia, has returned thither. His brethren in Montreal gave him a flattering farewell on the eve of his departure. The brethren who thus return to the Mission work prove that the spirit of self-sacrifice still exists in the Methodist ministry.

Our missionary stationed at Prince Arthur's Landing, in addition to his labours on the Mission proper, has been devoting himself to the spiritual good of the men labouring on the Canada Pacific Railway, who have shown their appreciation of his labours by sending him a purse of money.

The good work so auspiciously begun among the Oka Indians continues to spread, despite the persecutions to which the poor people have been subjected. Their recent annual festival was celebrated with even more than the usual *eclat.* Many friends at a distance and in Montreal have contributed various articles of clothing and money to assist those who have been in suffering circumstances.

An interesting incident has just been published with which our readers will be pleased. Some years ago, when Chief Joseph was imprisoned for the crime (?) of enlarging his garden from waste lands surrounding it, he occupied his time in translating the Gospel from the French into the Iroquois language. He has now completed the translation of all the Gospels, and the Montreal Bible Society has resolved to print the translation thus made. Professor Shaw, of Wesley College, is superintending the work through the press.

Chief Joseph is now labouring at Caughnawaga, where he experiences the same bigoted intolerance and cruel persecution which the priests and their abettors can inflict; but though threatened from the altar, he holds on his way, and the truth is gaining in its triumphs over the superstitions of Rome.

The third trial of the Indians for setting fire to the Roman Catholic

Church at Oka has ended in the disagreement of the jury, and their consequent discharge. An impartial reader of the evidence would say that there was no proof of guilt against the prisoners. The judge, however, acted very partially in his charge against them. Happily, truth and justice have once more prevailed. We agree with the editor of the *Observer*, the organ of the Bible Christian Church, that "this persecution has not been so much the French against the Indian, as the Roman Catholic against the Protestant."

The Extension Fund has now reached $100,000, more than half of which has been paid. From the reports published there is reason to hope that the ordinary missionary income will also be considerably augmented this year.

A number of brethren in the London Conference have held a Convention for the Promotion of Holiness. Some regard such a special organization as altogether unnecessary, as all religious services should promote holiness. It is nevertheless a fact that holiness, viewed as a special blessing, is not so much preached as formerly. The fathers of Methodism were men of power in proportion as they were holy. As we believe holiness to be a desideratum in these times, we hail with great delight every means the tendency of which is to cause increased attention to be devoted to this important subject.

The Death-Roll.

Since our last issue several valuable servants of the Church have been called home; among others, Revs. John Rattenbury, John Clulow, and Joseph Officer, of the British Conference. The first-named had occupied the Presidential chair, and was long known as a most successful revivalist. His latter years were well spent in collecting an endowment of half a million of dollars for the benefit of the superannuated ministers.

Rev. H. O. Crofts, D.D., formerly General Superintendent of the Methodist New Connexion Missions in Canada, has closed his labours. Rev. Mr. Holtby, of our own Church, has also been added to the list of departed ones. He had attained the age of fourscore years, and had been 39 years in the ministry. To die is gain.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Annual Reports of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada. Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.

From motives of economy, a change has been made in the mode of publishing the Missionary Reports. Instead of distributing a bulky book, with the names of all the subscribers, throughout the whole Connexion, the subscribers in each Conference are printed separately, and sent only to that Conference. But with each Conference Report is bound a general report of the mission work of the whole Church, although without the subscribers' names. The saving thus effected must be very considerable, without in any appreciable degree impairing the value of the reports; for only in very exceptional cases can a subscriber, say in British Columbia, have any special need to examine in detail the subscribers' names in Bermuda or Newfoundland.

As one examines these six handsome pamphlets he cannot help being struck with the rapid development of the missionary operations of our Church. It is not long ago when the report for the whole Church was no larger than that of the Toronto Conference alone, which occupies no less than 130 closely printed pages. The letters from the missionaries in the field will well reward perusal. They abound with instances of the signal success vouchsafed by God to the labours of His servants, and are at once a cause of gratitude for the past and of inspiration for the

future. The rapid multiplication and growth of our missions, especially in Manitoba, the North-West Territory, and British Columbia, is also very striking. This is a cause at once of congratulation and embarrassment; for while it shows that the Church has been endeavouring to enter the doors of opportunity which God has been opening, and to follow the pioneer to the most distant parts of our great Western inheritance, it shows also that her utmost efforts for many a year to come must be put forth to overtake the great work committed to her trust. She must rise to the height of her duty and privilege, and thrust in her sickle and reap, for the fields wave white unto the harvest.

Another thing will strike the most casual observer—the immense amount of office work to be done, and the care and fidelity that must be exercised in keeping the accounts and submitting the verified reports of the annual receipt and expenditure of about $140,000. A serious feature, however, is that after every effort at economy and retrenchment, and reducing the allowances of the missionaries far below what they ought to be, the income still falls $4,855 short of the expenditure, and that the debt in October last amounted to $67,949. The Relief and Extension movement was therefore an absolute necessity; and the Church has nobly come to the rescue to lift this burden from the Missionary Society. The urgent need now—for further retrenchment seems impossible, and, in view of the earnest calls for the preaching of the Gospel, would seem also criminal—is to make the annual income meet the necessary outgo. On another page we have indicated one method by which, we think, that object might, by general systematic effort, without difficulty be attained.

The Life and Words of Christ. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. 2 Vols. 4to. Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, $8.

Many persons in Canada will remember with pleasure the scholarly gentleman who, retired from the ministry on account of ill-health, kept a few years ago one of the best book-stores in Toronto It is no surprise to those cognizant of his literary accomplishments that he has become one of the most successful *litterateurs* of the day, and that he has written one of the best of the many Lives of Christ extant. These noble volumes are a lasting monument of his wide learning, indefatigable industry, and charming graces of style.

The world will never grow weary of the study of the Wonderful Life; for as our author remarks, quoting the words of Carlyle, the subject is of "quite perennial, infinite character, and its significance will ever demand to be anew inquired into, and anew made manifest." Dr. Geikie, for the illustration of this subject, has drawn largely from the copious exegetical literature of Germany and from the Rabbinical lore and Apocryphal Gospels which throw so much light on the orientalisms of the sacred text. He has studied exhaustively the physical environment and historical synchronisms of the Holy Life which he portrays. He has therefore succeeded, beyond almost any writer that we know, in fulfilling the purpose which he thus describes: "I have tried in this book to restore, as far as I could, the world in which Jesus moved; the country in which He lived; the people among whom He grew up and ministered; the religion in which He was trained; the Temple services in which He took part; the ecclesiastical, civil and social aspects of His time; the parties of the day, their opinions and their spirit; the customs that ruled; the influence that prevailed; the events, social, religious, and political, not numbered in the Gospels, that formed the history of His lifetime, so far as they can be recovered."

The delineation of the daily Temple service; of life in Jerusalem, in Nazareth and Bethlehem; of the scenery in Palestine, and customs of the people; of the Rabbinical schools, and many other things which make up the picture of the times, is wonderfully fresh and vivid. Of course our

Lord is Himself the central figure, to which all others are subordinate. His sayings and discourses are given in full, with all the elucidation which the thousand side-lights of history and archæology can bestow.

A comparison is at once suggested with the popular volumes on the same subject of Canon Farrar, and Dr. Geikie need not shrink from the comparison. His treatment of his august theme is ampler in scope and more minute in detail than that of the learned Canon of Westminster. While it is not suffused with the poetic halo of Farrar's great prose epic, it is by no means deficient in a vivid exercise of the historic imagination, and of pictorial description; and we conceive it more accurately interprets the teachings of the Divine Life in harmony with the evangelical orthodoxy of Protestant Christendom.

The English edition of this book is of sumptuous elegance in paper and type. A marvellously cheap American edition, in a single volume of 812 pages, may be ordered through our Book-rooms; but it is, of course, far inferior in excellence, though otherwise identical with the high-priced English edition.

From Egypt to Palestine, through the South Country. By S. C. BARTLETT, D.D., LL.D.; with maps and illustrations. 8vo., pp. 555. New York: Harper & Brothers; and Methodist Book-Rooms Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, $3. 75.

The accomplished President of Dartmouth College undertook his journey through Bible Lands with the special object of studying the history of the Israelites in the light to be obtained from personal examination of the places associated with that history. The sojournings of Israel in Egypt, the different theories as to the crossing the Red Sea, the true site of Mount Sinai, and the later journeyings of the Israelites till they reached the Land of Promise, are the subjects that chiefly engage the attention of the learned author. To some of these subjects we have referred elsewhere in this Magazine. Dr. Bartlett discusses the different theories extant with a full knowledge of the arguments on either side, and gives weighty reasons for his own decisions. There is no attempt at fine writing in the volume. It is more scientific and accurate than poetic and descriptive; and unless for the valuable information conveyed, is less interesting reading than those prose-poems, Eothen and the Travels of Lamartine and Chateaubriand. The book is also less handsomely illustrated than the volume fully reviewed in those pages a year ago—Ridgeway's Lord's Land—the finest recent book on Palestine that we know. The maps, however, compiled from the British Ordnance Surveys, are very fine. The emblematic Egyptian cover is very tasteful, and in its way quite unique.

That the author is not without a talent for piquant description, his account of the celebrated ossary of St. Catharine, at Mount Sinai, will show: "When we had seen the chief attractions inside the convent, Nicholas [the brother who served as guide] took us to the garden and into the charnel-house of the convent, where the former generations of religious idlers had entered into still closer quarters and more conspicuous inactivity. He led us down a stone staircase through a small ante-chamber, and thence into the presence of some thirty thousand skeletons, dried and dismembered and packed away in the snuggest compass, like so many portions of old machinery taken to pieces and packed away. It was purely a business operation. There was nothing about it of the artistic qualities of the Church of St. Ursula at Cologne, or the Capuchin convent at Rome, where patellas afflorésced into roses, and femurs and tibias in good sentences called out '*Ora pro nobis.*' The spectator, looking at those economically-stored relics of mortality, has nothing to prevent him from estimating in the purely mathematical method. The first room contains many cords of the leg and arm bones, and great stacks of the skulls of dead monks. An adjoining room contains the remains of the *elite* of the convent. Here

were fifteen boxes of bishops and a pile of dismembered priests measuring about fifteen feet by twelve by four, not including the skulls, which were piled at the other end of the room. A famous old janitor, Stephen, who died three hundred or thirteen hundred years ago—for accounts differ, and it makes little difference to him—still sits in his robes and blue velvet cap, and grimly keeps watch near the door. The whole place is ghastly, but not solemn."

Narrative of the Discoveries of the Austrian Ship "Tegetthoff." By JULIUS PAYER. Translated from the German. 8vo., pp. 399, illustrated. D. Appleton, New York; and Methodist Book-Rooms.

Arctic exploration has possessed a strange fascination from the days of Behring to the present time. Few attempts to wrest its secret from the Northern Sea have been more heroic or more disastrous than that of Lieut. Weyprecht and his companions in the good ship "Tegetthoff." With a crew of twenty-three picked men, he sailed in a tiny steamer of 250 tons from Bremen, and was soon amid the ice-fields of Nova Zembla. As early as August his ship was fast beset by the ice, and never floated again. The ice-fields, by their resistless pressure, seemed as if they would crush the stout oak ribs like a nutshell. The groanings of the vessel, like a thing of life in mortal agony, often drove sleep away and forced the crew on deck, in readiness to take to the ice should the ship collapse. Thus passed the long dark months of the dreary winter. During the following summer expeditions were made in the adjacent islands. But by no effort were they able to release their ship. The ice beneath it was twenty-seven feet thick. When sawed or blasted it speedily froze solid again. Three toilsome sledge journeys were made, exploring Kaiser Franz-Josef Land. After a second winter in the ice-bound ship—smitten with scurvy and on short allowance of food and fuel—it was resolved to abandon the "Tegetthoff." Their journey across the rugged ice-fields to the open sea was attended with almost incredible toil and hardship. They conveyed their tents and stores in four boats on ice sledges, drawn by twenty-three men (one had died) and three dogs; but often had to launch the boats in little ice-locked pools. "*After the lapse of two months of indescribable efforts*," says Lieut. Payer, "*the distance between us and the ship was not more than nine English miles.*" Nothing seemed before them but a despairing return for a third winter to the ship, death by cold and famine, and the Frozen Ocean for a grave. But at length they reached the open sea. They steered boldly southward in rain and cold and snow. Rank sea fowl replenished their exhausted food supply. At last, after three years' isolation from mankind, they were rescued by a Russian fishing vessel and conveyed to Lapland, whence they made their way, *via* Hamburg, home. Their story is one of heroic endurance, frustrated endeavour, and high hopes crushed by disappointment. The expedition was not without important results to science, although an inadequate compensation for the suffering endured. It is but another episode in the long Iliad of disaster of Arctic exploration.

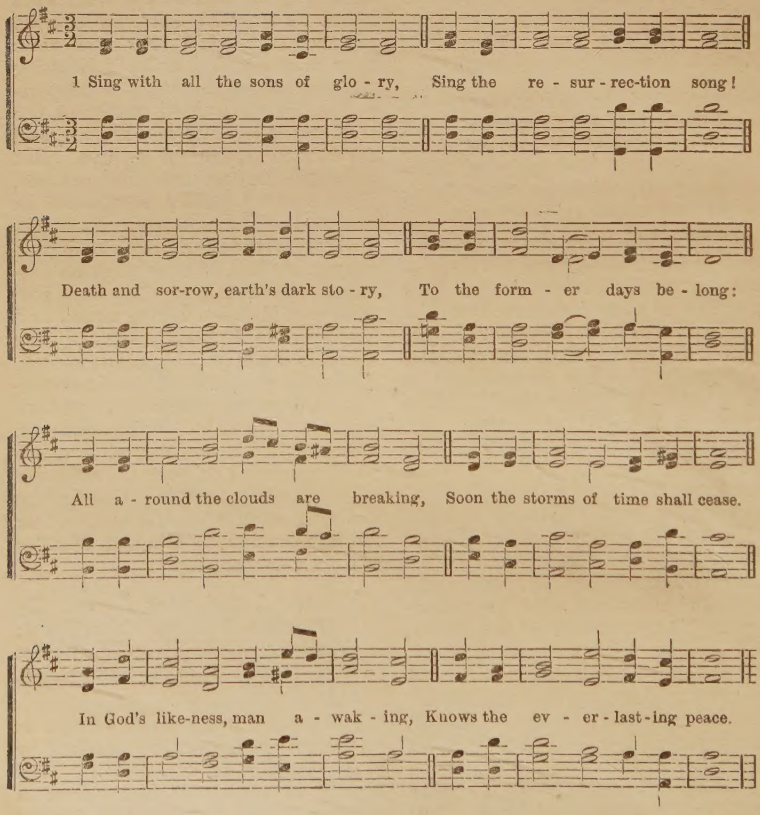
Thou and I, and other Poems. By THEODORE TILTON. New York: Worthington & Co.; Methodist Book-Room, Toronto. 12mo., pp. 285.

The longest poem in this volume is a love lyric of human life, marked by much facility of versification and beauty of sentiment, but without a glimpse of that "vision and faculty divine" which constitute true poetry. Some of the other poems are more pleasing, but there are none, we think, that are destined to live more than their little hour—like "the rathe primrose of the spring." Yet the humble primrose may give passing pleasure, and so, too, may those graceful verses. The wonder is how they found such handsome embodiment as in this sumptuous volume.

EASTER ANTHEM.

"Sing with all the sons of glory."

Summerside. 8, 7. D. REV. JOHN BLACK.


1 Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the re - sur - rec-tion song!
Death and sor-row, earth's dark sto - ry, To the form - er days be - long:
All a - round the clouds are breaking, Soon the storms of time shall cease.
In God's like-ness, man a - wak - ing, Knows the ev - er - last - ing peace.

2 O what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 Life eternal! heaven rejoices,
Jesus lives, who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices,
Child of God, lift up thy head!
Patriarchs from the distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers and sages,
All await the glory given.

4 Life eternal! O what wonders
Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne!
O to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with Thee, O God immortal,
"Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent!"

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